

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,826 Vol. 108.

25 December 1909.

[REGISTERED AS A] 6d.
NEWSPAPER.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We suppose the oratory of General Elections always is bad, and always will be. Speakers who are at all fastidious, and cultivate niceties of phrase and thought, are unheard in the hubbub, or they hoard their good things against a quieter and favouring occasion. But has any election within the last twenty-five years been quite so crude and commonplace in the vast bulk of its talk as this election? We cannot recall one. Babel must have been better than this election; at Babel at least were many languages, whereas here we have not even that attraction. Who but an ignoramus, or a man professionally engaged in party politics, would sit down to read with zest more than two or three of the speeches made this week—say Lord Curzon's, Mr. Asquith's, or, for lighter stuff, Lord Willoughby de Broke's?

There is one good thing about all this bad oratory—it serves to show how hollow is the pretence that this is a mighty historic struggle. We must all know by now that it is just a very harsh and exasperating party quarrel. This is not to deny the importance of the struggle: indeed, it is by far the most important party fight of our time, and any Unionist or Imperialist who withholds his support from Mr. Balfour in January will be false to the country. That is clear and certain. But how egregious to affect, as many Liberals are affecting, that this is the beginning of another 1640 or 1688! There were great figures on those stages, great figures on both sides who were ready to give their lives to the causes they held just; that is not quite the same as lending one's carriage to bring up an old-age pensioner.

Lord St. Aldwyn has written to explain why he did not speak in the Lords' debate on the Budget. Nothing

that he could have said would have altered the decision of his side, and he did not want to argue against his own friends. He dislikes the Budget, but he does not think it is Socialism. But if no speech or statement by Lord St. Aldwyn could have availed then, how in the world can any speech or statement by him avail now? If it has any effect whatever, it can only be an effect hurtful to his side—and Lord St. Aldwyn is anxious not to hurt his own side! Lord St. Aldwyn quite out-Cromers Lord Cromer. The fact is subtle lines of conduct at a time like this are fatal.

It must be either yes or no, and it is because they have thoroughly understood this that the Peers are on the whole doing so well in their adventures through the country. Their blunt, hard English is the sort of speech any man may understand. It is full of that strong sporting flavour which is relished by a great number of English people of the middle and working classes. Some of the Liberal papers have tried to make capital out of the fact that there are horse-racing Peers. We should have thought that a strong recommendation to the average English working man. He loves a horse-race. Everybody knows that when he buys the "Star" the first column he turns to is the racing column. Coe has done far more for the Radical press than ever cocoa did.

We would not say that all the peers who are speaking speak brilliantly. But even the least able of them could point to some ancestor of his who did good service for his country; and how many of the obscure talkers, hired talkers largely, who are speaking everywhere to-day, could make a like claim? After all there is something in family, though to-day we go in much more for money. A man may rightly get some credit through his forbears, though not so much as in the dignified and stable England of a hundred years, even fifty years, ago. There are things we do not want to borrow from Japan, but the veneration which the Japanese people have for their ancestors might be a very good thing for this country to-day.

Mr. Blatchford reminds one of Mr. Secretary Balford. He scrambles out nightly, we suppose, on to the

roof of the "Clarion" office and looks eagerly in the direction of the North Sea for a sign of fire. Mr. Blatchford is a pretty shrewd judge of naval matters, for, finding his own galley a bit leaky just now, he is for getting as quick as he can contrive into another. But perhaps the less other galleys—certainly Unionist and Imperial galleys—have to do with him the better. He is a useless deadweight as passenger, and as rower we may depend upon it he would soon demoralise the rest of the crew—that may be his game.

For exquisite literary form in electioneering the "Daily News" excels just now. It is publishing a series of sketches describing the misadventures of a Duke. He is accused by a tenant called Onions, who lives like "a pig in a pigsty", and is one of the "chattels" of the Duke. The word "chattels" is dangerous: surely it recalls a case which we fancy the "Daily News" is very, very anxious to forget. Were not the children of the slaves of San Thomé described as the chattels of the planters?

Why don't people take Mr. Asquith seriously on the question of Home Rule? Here is an issue that may be said to dwarf every other—one that has divided politicians into Unionists and the other sort from the moment it was raised. Yet a Liberal Whip denies his leader, and little astonishment is shown. Everybody, in fact, is taking the thing quite quietly. Liberals themselves seem to be trying to ignore it. The only people, apparently, who care are the Western Scots, who cannot forget their Ulster kinsmen, and the Nationalists themselves. Perhaps it is that all of it is so stale. It is the cry of the wolf that was never there. It is well to remember, however, that the animal did arrive at last, when nobody believed in him any longer.

Anyhow, the Nationalists are rallying to the old cry. Mr. Asquith has succeeded in buying his votes, paying liberally for them in paper. The transaction seems to indicate despair. Is it just a desperate bid for a working majority? Or is there here a light-hearted raining of golden promises which the giver knows he will not have the chance to redeem? Maybe; but Mr. Redmond is loud in anticipation. The Lords are to go, and the infamous Act of Union is to be torn and trampled underfoot at last. Unionists should really show more interest in the matter; though, of course, it is very difficult to be interested in so many things at once.

The Prime Minister is not happy in principles. Not long ago he defended the export of capital, and in his Birkenhead speech on Tuesday he repeated the old dogma that an import duty cannot produce revenue and at the same time assist the home producer: "If the imports come in to produce the revenue, it follows that the home producer is not protected", etc. The British exporter must cut his own prices, and often his wages, to hold the foreign market against increased duties, thereby paying foreign taxes out of British industry, necessarily putting the foreign producer at an advantage; but Mr. Asquith does not believe in the foreigner doing this. Party needs produce queer effects even on clear minds.

Then Mr. Asquith wanted to know how South Africa could gain under Preference. Solemnly he conjured up grave consequences from discrimination against South Africa, whose wool we could not protect in any way, being a raw material. But we have not all forgotten what Dr. Jameson told Mr. Asquith at the Imperial Conference. The answer to Mr. Asquith's question was ready enough: "Give us a preference on our wines". This did not even necessitate putting on a new import tax; all that was asked was to lower the existing duty in favour of South Africa as against France and Germany. But Mr. Asquith's free-trade

rectitude would have none of it. The principle was the thing! But Dr. Jameson showed plainly enough what Tariff Reformers can do when they have the chance. Neither would the gain to South Africa be a small thing. Not, at least, if we are to believe the South African delegates, who ought to know nearly as well as Mr. Asquith.

Lord Curzon has again come off. His speech at Burnley has freshness. How sadly it has worn off nearly all the politicians' words already! No wonder, after nine months at S. Stephen's. Why, then, was not Lord Curzon's speech reported in full? If one picks out the "Times" as a defaulter, it is because it is the one paper to which one may generally look, safely, to find the actual words a man said. But the report of Lord Curzon was largely lacunæ filled with stars. We prefer Lord Curzon's own scintillations. Where on earth is the sense of filling the paper with snippets of every Tom, Dick and Harry among the speakers, and not giving what was said by the one man, or two, whose words one has the smallest desire to read?

Tariff Reform takes firmer hold of the people every day as its meaning becomes better known. And what Tariff Reform might have failed to do unaided, the Budget has assisted it to accomplish. Moderate men like Lord Durham join the Unionists in sheer despair of Radical policy. Employers of labour, life-long believers in Free Trade, are sorrowfully finding facts too much for them. Last week it was Sir John Turner of Nottingham; this week it is Sir Richard Garton of Battersea. Sir Richard started a factory in Mr. Burns' constituency to compete with American imports. He has succeeded so far that he now employs 400 or 500 men. Then America began to dump, and to save his men, with the hundreds of women and children dependent on them, Sir Richard Garton now sees there is only one way. He has become a Tariff Reformer.

There is no suspicion of politics in the decision of the House of Lords on the trade union case of Osborne v. the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. Lord Shaw, Radical of Radicals, agrees with Lord Halsbury, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord James that trade unions cannot levy contributions on their members to pay for representation in Parliament. To these may be added a unanimous Court of Appeal, in which sat Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, very comparable with Lord Shaw. The decision is not so surprising as the one which played so important a part in the election of 1906; but it is not without importance in the election that is now pending. Most of the unions have money which they cannot now spend on elections, as an indefinite number of persons are entitled to demand back what they have paid. The Labour party will be hampered now and in future. Voluntary contributions may fail them, and they have not the ghost of a chance to make good by State payment of members.

Messrs. Burt and Fenwick have scored over the Labour party in the Northumberland Divisions of Morpeth and Wansbeck. They at almost one stroke also gain a victory over that party by the trade union decision. Mr. Richard Bell makes up the trio, and no man is more satisfied with the defeat of the union to which he is secretary than Mr. Bell himself. All three resisted the attempt to make them sign on with the Labour party; and Mr. Bell forfeited his seat for his contumacy. We can congratulate Mr. Bell on his revenge; but we are sorry that the Labour party in Northumberland, by caving in to the Liberals, after all their swagger, have lessened the chance of Unionists being returned for those Northumberland Divisions.

There is good reason for believing that the New South Wales coal strike is almost over. Christmas will very

likely see the trams and railways at work as usual, and the risk of Sydney once more being in darkness gone by. What has happened has shown that the machinery of the Industrial Disputes Act was insufficient to make either employers or men submit their disputes to arbitration. The Government has had to strengthen the means at its disposal by passing a further Act against both; and this Act has, it is said, caused the strike congress to dissolve. The Western miners have resumed work, and the Southern miners have decided to follow suit. The result is that they submit to the Wages Board under the Industrial Disputes Act for a decision on their dispute. This Act has not altogether failed under a very excessive strain, and it allows the hope that in future it will prove equal to prevent as it has to arrest a strike.

"If this country is to remain a white man's country we must stand by the British flag." So says Mr. Maclean in the Dominion Parliament. The Premiers of British Canada have been saying the same; this is the reaction from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's French Canadianism, which would have a separatist fleet, probably some thousands of miles from where the freedom of Canada would have to be defended in the hour of need. There is to be a Canadian fleet, and the question is whether it will be a unit in the imperial power or a sign to attract an enemy without the capacity to repel him.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone is to go to South Africa. All doubt on that matter is now set at rest—or rather all hope of his not going is killed. His qualifications for service abroad seem to be that (1) he has not been a success at home, and has been a conspicuous failure at the Home Office; (2) he is the son of his father, and so his appointment will gratify Dutch sentiment, recalling Majuba; (3) he will be an irritant to the loyal English settler who does not love the new Boer régime. Fancy Mr. Asquith denouncing the principle of heredity after this! By any other name what sweetness or savour of any kind would Mr. Gladstone have?

The Indian elections under the reform scheme are turning out very much as might have been expected. The ill wind that has got into the heads of the Bengali leaders is blowing good to their Mohammedan rivals. In Bengal the regulations required that the representatives in Council of the various Local Boards should be members of the Boards they would represent. This reasonable condition excluded the Calcutta wire-pullers and carpet-baggers who have no stomach for the spade work of self-government. According to Mr. Banerjea it reduced the reforms to a "meaningless sham". Mr. Ramsay Macdonald then, following Mr. Hardie, described it as "an insult to the educated community". So the word went out to boycott the elections.

In the Deccan the extreme men have prevailed over the moderates—owing to sympathy with rabid, seditious journalists. This feeling has been further shown in the murder of Mr. Jackson, the Collector of Nasik, not for any act of his own but as the head of the district administration. Even more than the attempt on Lord Minto's life it shows the folly and futility of the policy which would reward sedition with political concessions, sweetly oblivious of criminal organisations. The high-placed heads of these conspiracies must be well known. But will the outrage convince Lord Morley that deportations are even more necessary in the Western Presidency than in Bengal and would be not less effective?

Everybody will watch the new King of the Belgians with interest. He is well gifted to do what lies before him, but his has been wary walking up to the present, and his opinion on several important matters is still to seek. Of one or two things we may be fairly sure. King Albert has not traversed the Congo in spite of

dissuasion for nothing. Nor has he passed through the Military School and attended daily at the Foreign Office to no purpose. He has already shown interest in social questions, and Queen Elizabeth has humanised him. Altogether the only fear seems to be that his virtues are many enough to undo him. He seems to have trained himself as carefully as Richard Feverel was trained.

The Friedjung trial has ended unfortunately for the Austrian Government. Dr. Marcovitch having proved his alibi, Dr. Friedjung admitted that the minutes of the Slovenski Jug were forgeries, and the case collapsed. This result is due to the public spirit of some distinguished Serbs who volunteered to give evidence in the prejudiced atmosphere of a Viennese court. Sympathy will be felt for Dr. Friedjung, who is a writer of repute and who has been the victim of the stupidity of Foreign Office officials. But a trained historian ought to detect clumsy forgeries even when bureaucrats accept them, and the learned doctor must bear the ridicule he has brought upon himself. How far Count Aehrenthal and certain very exalted personages were deceived we do not know and are not likely to learn.

Englishmen who visit Rome must be careful when they write about it. There was one of our visitors there who did not know this, and he has raised the devil. Signor Nathan the Syndic has been crushing him ever since. The Englishman said very little—simply that he did not like modern Rome, which, he thought, was being spoilt in course of being improved. But this was enough for Signor Nathan, who has stormed and sneered heavily from that time. The artful fellow is making a national case of it. In good truth Signor Nathan's real bugbears are among his own countrymen—the artists and archaeologists who are working to preserve the monuments of the city. He is only too glad of this occasion to work off a little of his old bile, and to inveigle some of the more misguided of the Italian newspapers into blind heroics.

Mr. Roosevelt has been made a member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and will be received by the Institute on his return from East Africa. The honour, it appears, is merited by the "originality" of Mr. Roosevelt's "literary output". So runs the official bill. It is quaint, but is it a true one? The French journalists, unfortunately, rather give things away. The Mr. Roosevelt who is being honoured is not really a literary person at all. He is the "personification of Anglo-Saxon energy" and the "apostle of national idealism". Anyhow, we rather wonder at the French Institute. Can that body really afford to let itself down in this way?

At last Copenhagen has given its verdict, and Dr. Cook has gone out. There is no doubt as to what the University thinks of him. It does not merely say that the papers do not prove his claim. It says that these papers are lacking in clear information to an "inadmissible" degree. In other words it is useless for them to pretend to be those of a genuine scientific explorer. The judgment of the University is all the more conclusive because it so dearly wanted to believe in the man it had honoured and fêted in the days when Peary and Cook were both in the running. The judgment is, in fact, a frank admission of error on the part of a learned body. Perhaps that body will proceed along the bitter path of contrition still further, and apologise to Commander Peary. Anyhow, Commander Peary has come through it all with the delicious right to say "I told you so". Meantime, we wonder what has become of those calculations of Captain Loose that were going to prove so much.

Dr. Cook has had a wonderful career. There were some who doubted him from the very first; but he was always so modest for an American, and so plausible. Though his story and his photographs of the Mount McKinley expedition were questioned at the time of their publication, yet he would probably have been safe had

he been satisfied with this one achievement. Grasping the Pole at a most sensational moment, he fell at once under a criticism that he has never for a moment been able to bear. At this date the pleasantest thing we can do is to pretend with Mr. Wack, his former attorney, that he is "an object of sympathy"—the victim of hallucination. It is a tall notion; but then we are dealing in things Transatlantic.

Mr. Justice Ridley has a reputation for doing most things in the wrong spirit and the wrong way. Probably no judge but he would try on his own account to limit counsel to speeches of the length he himself thinks right. Any of them would resent the attempt, as one of them did a few days ago. Closure in Parliament is bad enough, but closure of the Bar is positively dangerous. Mr. Justice Ridley may be right in saying that long speeches account largely for the courts being behind with their work; but if the closure is to be introduced, it must not be at Mr. Justice Ridley's caprice.

Copyright law is one of those things that never seem to get settled on a satisfactory basis. The Committee that has reviewed the subject has now reported its recommendations. The most important of these is the proposal to extend the protection of literary copyright from life and seven years or forty-two years, if that term is longer, to life and fifty years. Musical copyright is to be protected from the mechanical music-box makers of all sorts, and these are to be protected from each other. In future, we imagine, the street pianos will be limited to the performance of the classics.

Choreographic and other dumb-show entertainments, it is also suggested, should have more protection. There may be danger in the domestic charade, and imitation of popular actors and actresses will be at the risk of the amateur reciter: a welcome protection to the public. Perhaps the most curious recommendation is that architects shall be protected from any copying of the buildings they design. There will be trouble on many building estates unless, as they ought to be, the original architects, if there are any, should be too much ashamed of themselves to claim. Why does not the Committee recommend retaliation against the American law requiring the setting up in the States of every English book desiring copyright in America?

Who cared about politics in Battersea last Monday evening? Not Mr. Burns at any rate. The ferocious fire at Messrs. Arding & Hobbs' made a fireman of him for some hours; and, by way of addressing his meeting, he dismissed it as a mark of respect for those who had lost their lives. Mr. Burns is not at all popular just now with his old friends; but, if anything can wring a vote from an opponent, Mr. Burns should have made some headway that night. The old shirt-sleeve days were back again, and he toiled and grew black with the best of them. Mr. Burns is a man, take him for all in all. Though Mr. Burns was the centre figure of the occasion, he was not its hero. There was an assistant who lost his life by sending two women down the escape before him. Gratitude is due to a man who can dare so much, not simply because of the lives he saves, but because such an act smacks the cynic in the face. Man, after all, is more than a political animal.

The price of turkeys is up. In this Christian country the great fact about Christmas for the average good citizen will undoubtedly be the dearness of turkeys. Has Dickens vulgarised Christmas in England for all time? In the great Christian feast he taught a not unwilling people to keep their eyes fixed on their plates. The Christmas of Dickens might perfectly well be a pagan festival. Its kindly joviality, untempered by any spiritual touch, was after all hardly more than a decent Saturnalia—the Mid-Victorian version of Christianity. We are a little better now. Frank Christianity and frank paganism is better than respectable compromise.

THE PEERS' PROTAGONIST.

IF the House of Lords is dead, or as good as dead, the Radical touch seems to have made their dry bones exceedingly alive. The traditional caricature—the languid gentleman with a drawl and a coronet—will have to be given up. Soon so many of "the people" will have seen a peer that it will be no good to represent him as anything but lively, plucky and full of "go". The anti-Lord party have made a mistake. They should not have drawn the peers. While they remained quietly in their places or spoke only in the House of Lords, it was pretty safe to talk of them as bloated and tyrants and fools and effeminate, as profligate boys or worn-out old men. But now that game is up. The people have seen for themselves and know that this sort of talk is, frankly, "rot". More irritating than any to the Liberal wirepullers is Lord Curzon. Lord Lansdowne they could at least explain. Only the plain fools—amongst Liberals ever supposed that the Lords could not produce a statesman who could command polished language and play with perfect finish the part of grand seigneur. Lord Lansdowne may have been a difficulty, but he was a natural difficulty. But what was to be said of a peer who could speak on a platform as well as any man in the House of Commons; who could talk to the people as straight and true as any vulgar demagogue; who could throw as much life and blood into his words as any plebeian, whether the pantaloon type or the highwayman? It is easy to see how annoying our Liberal friends find Lord Curzon's speeches from the large attention they give them. No one ever says he is pleased with an opponent's speech unless he finds it very difficult to answer. When you cannot answer a man, the obvious thing to do is to say he has given you nothing to answer. Lord Curzon has given Mr. Asquith nothing to answer! Is there nothing to be said on the question, What are Liberals going to put in the place of the House of Lords? Do they want the Lords to be reformed or not? Do they want a one- or two-Chamber system? What have they to say to Lord Curzon's analysis of the personnel of the House of Lords? Is it true or untrue that the Lords contain a larger proportion of distinguished men than the House of Commons? Is it true or untrue that in nearly every department of public work—even in finance, which no Unionist has ever said was not primarily work for the Commons—the Lords contain experts and in most departments better experts than the Commons? Is it true or not true that the peers do their local work, especially in the country, on the whole in model fashion; that the peer is of solid value as a centre of social life in his rural neighbourhood? It would be easy, of course, for Mr. Asquith and his friends readily to answer to every one of these questions "untrue". But happily in most Liberal leaders' constitutions there is not enough uric acid to allow this. The facts about the peers under all these heads are too well known for it to be safe for their assailants to take on Lord Curzon. All they can do in answer is to harp on the exception. They might, for instance, put forward Lord Portsmouth, the ex-Liberal Minister, whom Mr. Asquith removed, as a failure in his social capacity locally, an unpopular peer whom his countryside did not regard with excessive respect. They might instance Lord Beauchamp, the disastrous failure as a Colonial Governor. And of course Lord Clanricarde and the late Lord Ailesbury and the late Lord Anglesea are always exhibited. It does not matter that they are "late". Liberals make the best, that is the worst, of the bad examples, and no doubt some of their hearers take these black sheep as fair specimens of the flock. But more do not. It is pretty obvious that these are the exceptions, and people are apt to infer—most illogically, no doubt—that exceptions prove the rule. One is not surprised that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill say they are pleased with Lord Curzon's speeches.

Mr. Asquith touches but one of Lord Curzon's points, and his answer is not argument but laughter, forced. Lord Curzon had said the House of Lords, being unaccountable to popular election, better represents the

continuing permanent feeling of the nation than the House of Commons. This Mr. Asquith thinks good enough for a romance. It is a great deal too good for nine romances out of ten; for a good romance should be truth well put. A little examination will show Lord Curzon's statement to be true. It is plain that the House of Commons after an election never represents the average feeling of the country. No one pretends that the country is usually, or often, so Radical as it was in 1906; nor so Conservative as it was in 1895. But the House of Commons remains during the whole time of the Parliament nearly at the point of party heat at which it came into being; so it soon ceases to be representative of public political feeling averaged over a number of years. And the House of Commons acts purely as a party machine: not a single Bill introduced by a Leader of Opposition would ever be passed. Naturally enough, he never introduces one. But the House of Lords, though its members are in party overwhelmingly Conservative, passes a great number of Liberal Bills. Of the Bills introduced by a Liberal Government it passes the vast majority. It probably passes quite as many proportionately as the relative predominance of Liberals in the country at the moment justifies. Suppose the coming election, as everyone expects, shows a considerable reduction in the Liberal majority, a rule-of-three sum will show that the Lords in their treatment of Liberal Bills have been more Liberal than was the general feeling of the country; yet not so Liberal as the House of Commons. It will have been nearer to the actual state of national feeling than the Commons. Worked out over a period, say, of fifty years, we believe Lord Curzon's case would be proved. Mr. Asquith's way of arguing is rough and ready, indeed; it certainly is not scientific. Because there is a Liberal majority in the House of Commons and a Tory majority in the House of Lords, therefore the Lords cannot represent the country. It would make a considerable sum in arithmetic to compute the number of fallacies such an argument contains. One assumption alone vitiates it: that a majority on one side or the other side in the Commons always signifies the general feeling of the public; also, the assumption that the country is always either wholly Liberal or wholly Conservative, as the Government is, but which the country in fact never is. Mr. Asquith wants the House of Lords always to mirror the House of Commons. This Lord Curzon never said it did, and would never wish it to do, we are very sure, for it would then be superfluous. In its party composition the House of Lords is of course more Conservative than the permanent feeling of the country, but in its acts and character as a House of Parliament, which is the important point, it agrees with that permanent feeling much better than the House of Commons.

It is strange that Mr. Asquith should again trot out—the hackneyed phrase meets the hackneyed point—the charge that the Lords had thrown out the Budget simply because it was an obstacle to Tariff Reform. If the country wants the Budget, what will Tariff Reform gain by a few weeks' delay? If the country does not want it, were the Lords opposing the electors in referring it to them? There is the true gravamen of the case against the Lords. They compelled the Budget to take the risk of popular appeal. This Mr. Asquith and his Government did not want. The bird they thought they had in the hand was being turned by the Lords into the bird in the bush.

Lord Curzon's unkindest cut was his challenge to the Liberals to say what they mean to put in the place of the Lords. Mr. Asquith says he is a two-chamber man; so he cannot mean indefinitely to leave his second chamber in a state of suspended animation—his present plan. Is he going to put in its place an elective chamber? And who is to elect it? He does not say; he would avoid the plight of the wretched man who told Lord Curzon the electors should be the same as the electors of the Commons. A second chamber either a duplicate of the first and so merely redundant, or at variance with it and, as springing from the same popular source, equally authoritative: hence an eternal deadlock! Is this Liberal statesmanship? But Mr. Asquith has

another difficulty before him. His extreme Left, the most powerful section of the party, is all for one chamber only. They see no fun in downing the Lords and then putting up in the Lords' place someone else who certainly will not be they. Mr. Asquith is asking the country to take a leap without knowing and without thinking where the leap will land it. It is the last thing any Liberal leader wants to think about. Out of the frying-pan, is their cry, and take your chance of the fire! Lord Curzon unkindly brings the elector too near to the fire for the jump to be pleasant. We hope Lord Curzon will have the strength to bring him nearer yet to it until a little scorching does the desired work of prevention. He will do it, if any man.

THE PAYMENT OF LABOUR MEMBERS.

THE decision of the House of Lords as to the payment of members of Parliament by the trade unions comes, as the decision in the Taff Vale Railway case did, when a General Election is near. In 1906 the decision that trade unions could be sued for damages and their funds made liable was one of the effective causes of the Liberal victory. It united the trade unions and many workmen without them in the demand for an Act which should reverse the decision. Such an Act was passed in the first session of the new Parliament. The case of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants and Osborne is in itself of far more political colour than the Taff Vale, but its influence on the elections will not be so important. The case itself arose out of a schism amongst trade unionists as to their compulsory contributions to the payment of members pledged to vote according to the directions of the Labour party, to whose constitution they had to submit. The party who objected to this compulsion has won the victory, and many Liberal trade unionists with representative men like Messrs. Burt, Fenwick, and Bell welcome it as much as the many trade unionist working men do who are also Conservatives. There can be no united demand for an Act to reverse this decision, and if a Bill were brought before Parliament to enable trade unionists to make compulsory levies on their members, the opposition would be as strong from trade unionist ranks as from any quarter. It is possible even that, apart from the future effect the judgment may have, its immediate result will be to hamper the candidature of Labour men at the approaching elections. Trade unionists in 1906 poured their contributions into the election chest without stint. Now it is probable that members who hold the opinions of Mr. Osborne, the trade union official who raised this question, will not only stop their contributions but demand back what they have already paid. It is assumed they will do this, and already Mr. Bell, the Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, has sent circulars to the members stating that a sum of over £4000 belonging to the Parliamentary Fund will be distributed in consequence of the decision. The Executive is anxious to know what proportion of the subscribers may want their money back, and what proportion will be willing to allow it to be transferred to the Railwaymen's Parliamentary Association Fund.

The compulsory levies have hitherto masked the real feelings of the contributors. Many trade unionists may object not merely to their parliamentary representatives subscribing the constitution of the Labour party, but a considerable number may also object altogether to paying for any variety of member of Parliament. This uncertain question is raised just at the beginning of the election; and it cannot be known until after the event how much the uncertainty as to funds will affect the success of the Labour party candidates. The Labour party leaders sanguinely believe that the undeniable success they have had in bringing over the trade unions to their programme points to the sufficiency of voluntary subscriptions to see them through their difficulties during this election. They are certainly not so sure of the future as to rely solely on them, and they are talking of an alteration of the law. We have mentioned the difficulty of their getting the levies made compulsory. The other plan would be legislation for paying salaries to all members of Parliament. Trade unions are

valuable organisations within their proper sphere of duties; but it cannot be believed that in order to enable them to return members of their own the general aversion from payment of members of Parliament will be sunk. The nation does not care for trade unions to that extent. Rather a curious point arises as to the reliance on voluntary subscriptions. Suppose the Labour party got all the money it wants to pay members, would it be legal for members so paid to sit in Parliament? What law could we say they were breaking by doing so, and what would be the procedure by which they could be restrained? All that the House of Lords decides is that members of trade unions are still members and cannot be deprived of their benefits merely because they refuse to pay levies for members of Parliament. If the unions attempt it, they will be restrained. What would be the similar process by which they could be restrained if they assumed the power of sending members pledged to their constitution under the system of voluntary contributions? Taking the judgments of Lord Shaw in the House of Lords, and Lords Justices Moulton and Farwell in the Appeal Court as guides, it would appear that this system too would be illegal. The constitutional reasons they give for holding this apply universally against returning members bound beforehand to act so and so, whether they are paid for by compulsory or voluntary levies. And this is not a law laid down for trade unions alone, but for any association whatever. This, however, is precisely the very important point which the House of Lords has not decided. It was sufficient to settle the case that had arisen to decide that the trade unions, as bodies acting under statutes, had no power to order levies for payment of parliamentary representatives. The question, therefore, still remains undecided whether, if the attempt is made to run the Labour party policy by voluntary subscriptions, the law can be invoked to prevent it. Who would be the parties aggrieved, and how they would proceed to stop it, is a question which neither the House of Lords judgment nor the separate opinions of Lord Shaw and the two Lords Justices enable us to answer. All we can say is that there seems still a probability that we have not heard the last of the great trade union cases which in recent years have added such well-known decisions to the law books.

Another important question of public policy is suggested by the judgment. According to it trade unions cannot expand their functions in a natural course of development. They are bound down by Acts of Parliament which leave them no room for growth. The presumption is that when they contemplate a new step it will be against the statute. Now this is not the way in which British institutions have been wont to establish themselves. Under the common law an organisation that has evolved a convenient custom has been presumed to be acting legally, and if the custom has been widely spread but found liable to abuse, the ordinary way has been to control it by Parliament. But in our day the process is reversed. We bring in Parliament in the first place and attempt by the minutest regulations to predestinate the embryo body to a future which we cannot foresee—a futile assumption of omnipotence without the possession of omniscience. More than this, we are threatened with an attempt to strangle the political constitution itself in the fetters of statute. Lord Shaw expressed very forcibly the objections to sterilising an organisation like the trade unions and prohibiting them from any growth by an inflexible statutory constitution. But the British Constitution is the very type of organisations which have arisen and grown under the freedom of the common law. Yet it is his party which proposes to do for this Constitution what he protests against as to trade unions. Liberals will doubtless back up the unions, while they clamour for the written constitution which is to stop all development in the future along the historic lines on which the Constitution has hitherto grown. We do not doubt that in this case the attempt will be defeated; but the prevailing tendency to turn every living institution into a lifeless automaton pulled by the strings of an Act of Parliament is unhealthy. This decision is objectionable on this account. It would have been unimpeachable if the ground for it

had been that taken by Lord Shaw and the Lords Justices: the ground of the constitutional independent position of the member of Parliament; not the vicious one of the statutes.

THE LIBERALS AND THE NAVY.

MR. ASQUITH'S emphatic but ineffectual assurance at Liverpool that all is well with the Navy will not quiet national fears. On the contrary, it is calculated to raise even graver misgivings than his silence at the Albert Hall. The Government speak with so many voices that even their friends find it hard not to mistrust them. To-day Mr. Asquith asks the country to take his word for it that the Navy is in a position to maintain not only this year "but in the years that lie before us" British supremacy at sea, "the integrity of our shores, the protection of our commerce, the inviolability of our Empire". In March last, when Mr. McKenna startled the House of Commons and the nation by his revelations as to the progress of Germany, Mr. Asquith took a very different tone. He said we could no longer take to ourselves the comforting reflection that we have the advantage of speed in shipbuilding. What has happened in the interval to warrant his oracular confidence that the Navy now and henceforth will be able to discharge the duties he summarised so admirably? If the Government have been able to make good the ground lost, if they have regained the advantage as to which we could no longer comfort ourselves, they have indeed done wonders. But where is the evidence? We do not find it in the Estimates or in the number of new ships which are supposed to be in hand. In Mr. McKenna's opinion if in 1912 we have twenty Dreadnoughts to Germany's seventeen we shall have margin enough of security. Mr. Macnamara declares that all bogeys may be laid to rest because we shall have twenty Dreadnoughts to Germany's thirteen. What is happening in the German yards we do not and cannot know; it is quite clear the Government do not know, because the First Lord of the Admiralty suggests a possible seventeen German Dreadnoughts, whilst the Parliamentary Secretary says there will only be thirteen. On the eve of a General Election there is much talk of new ships being laid down, but with the four years' record of the Government to go upon we know pretty well what that amounts to. What guarantee, then, have we that the purblind policy exposed by Mr. H. H. Mulliner has been abandoned?

Neither the Admiralty nor the Government can be trusted for an instant if there is a word of truth in what Mr. Mulliner has said, and so far not one word has been called in question, though many irrelevant comments have been made. Here we have a plain, straightforward statement from an individual that he discovered for himself in 1906 what the authorities should have known, and that he placed the facts at their disposal two and a half years before they woke up to their significance. Or, in the interests of a cheeseparing policy misnamed economy, were those facts suppressed till they could no longer be withheld? According to Mr. Asquith, the Government were informed in November 1908. According to Mr. Mulliner, Mr. McKenna says that Ministers knew all about the extraordinary preparations which the Germans were making in 1906. Either way the case is alarming. If the Admiralty knew and did not inform the Government the assumption can only be that the permanent officials were fearful of the consequences of upsetting Ministerial equanimity, conduct which is assuredly not characteristic of permanent officials. If the Government knew, as Mr. McKenna suggests, they are traitors. Their assurances during 1906-7-8 have been shown to be worthless. Are their assurances in the last days of 1909 of more value? Mr. McKenna tells us to-day that we may sleep confidently in our beds. He echoes Sir John Fisher's "sleep quietly" speech in November 1907. When Sir John Fisher ridiculed all bad dreams as to Germany's preparations Mr. Mulliner's letter to the Admiralty explaining how the Krupp extensions had placed Germany in a position to beat "the

whole capacity of Great Britain" was already eighteen months old.

If anything were calculated to give the country nightmare, surely it is the revelation that such high assurances are the merest claptrap, if not something worse. German energy in naval construction whilst Mr. Mulliner's invaluable information was secreted in someone's pigeon-hole in Whitehall is common knowledge. Are we to take it that in the last year the Germans have been idle whilst the British Government have been making heroic attempts to repair their self-confessed blunder? The crux of the Prime Minister's statement at Liverpool lies of course in the words "the years that lie before us". At the moment the Navy may not be wholly inadequate, but the effective life of ships, especially ships of war, is short. A year or two hence a considerable number of the vessels now in the fighting line will be obsolescent if not obsolete. Whatever else they may pretend, the Government can lay no claim to have maintained the two-Power standard. They abandoned the Cawdor programme, which provided a minimum of security, and we shall soon find ourselves, so far at any rate as the biggest and newest battleships are concerned, not with a two-Power but a one-Power standard. The least we should do now is to lay down two keels for every one laid down by Germany—if, that is, we can find out, and are prepared to use our knowledge when we have it, how many she puts in hand. That is the only formula of safety. A large naval loan may be necessary. Germany does not hesitate to raise loans in order to build a navy that may challenge the supremacy which Mr. Asquith says is now safe, and in finance as in naval matters Germany is showing us the way.

THE NEW KING OF THE BELGIANS.

THE new King of the Belgians is little known to statesmen or diplomatists, but well known to the great mass of the people, and he has their confidence. His reign opens brightly on that side at least. As heir-apparent it would have been less than useless for him to push himself to the fore in public. Instead of meddling with affairs he could not influence he chose the wise part of a student's life, surrounded himself with professors, and buried himself for years in books. He did this the more readily because he believed his knowledge in statescraft wanting. It was not until the death of his elder brother, Prince Baodoin, in 1891, when he was sixteen years of age, that the possibility of his succeeding to the Belgian throne occurred to him. Until then he had studied little. The moment he realised the responsibilities which lay before him he determined to fit himself for their discharge by study. As a matter of course he passed through the Belgian Military School, and received a commission in the Grenadier Regiment, in which he was rapidly promoted from sub-lieutenant to colonel; but he did not allow military duties to interfere with his studies. Up to the time of the death of Baron Lambermont he went daily to the Foreign Office to learn diplomacy. From diplomacy he turned to sociology, and at once the people's welfare became his greatest interest.

King Albert will not hinder Belgian expansion, but he has learned to keep his own counsels. No one knows what his opinion was on the Bill passed recently in the Belgian Parliament which introduced compulsory service into the army; and no one can speak with authority of his views on the Congo question; but there is good reason to believe he is of opinion that wide and sweeping reforms must be carried out without delay. His journey through the Congo from end to end, undertaken in spite of discouragement from all sides, was an assertion of independence which startled more than one high functionary and gave promise of vigorous action.

Labour laws are not wanting in Belgium. King Albert has pleaded in the Senate for their extension; but he is not a socialist dreamer. He has done much to aid those who are struggling to aid themselves.

He takes special interest in Belgian sailors and fishermen, and dreams, as did Leopold II., of the creation of a Belgian marine. The greatest difficulty in his way is the lack of Belgian sailors. King Albert boasts of the brave race of Flemish sailors which flourished centuries ago. To revive the people's seagoing spirit he has established a training ship and promised to push the fortunes of its pupils.

The emphatic declarations of the new Belgian King with regard to the encouragement of art and literature will come as a surprise to many who thought all such things were banished for ever from the Belgian Court. In truth, King Albert cared little about art or literature until, as he put it himself, his wife brought art into the palace. Queen Elizabeth is a skilled musician, and has a sound knowledge of art and literature. She is the only member of the Belgian royal family, according to a great Belgian writer, who knows what books to read. The King admits she educated him, and, keen in all that he takes up, he is now a ready and appreciative patron of art, and a friend of every Belgian author. Leopold II. may not have violated the Belgian Constitution, but for many years past he bent the Ministry to his will and acted, in much, as a despot. Under King Albert's reign, it is promised, the Constitution will once more be respected in spirit as in letter. The rôle the King selects for himself is that of arbitrator. He hopes to find the means of uniting Capital and Labour, so that, "being united, they may fight side by side for a noble end, esteeming one another, and inspiring mutual confidence".

The military crisis being at an end, the Government remains unchanged. There are rumours that King Albert will clear out all the old Congo officials, and get rid of all those who served under King Leopold and are accustomed to his methods. As a matter of fact, all the Congo officials to whom reasonable objection could be made have already been replaced. It is not public servants that King Albert will have to get rid of, but the gang of capitalists, notaries, doctors, and Court officials who acted as King Leopold's men of straw in the formation of his numerous companies. It seems inevitable that actions will be taken to compel them to disgorge the millions of King Leopold's private fortune they are said to hold in secret trust. It is hinted that the latest and most extraordinary of King Leopold's companies, that for the preservation of Belgian sites, in which he vested the furniture, paintings, books, etc., now in the palace of Brussels, will be dissolved before it proceeds to allot its shares. In the meantime the Duke of Connaught and other royal guests have been lodged in the palace, which is virtually in a state of siege. One must sympathise with King Albert in the painful complications which King Leopold's action has caused. He has already found it possible to unite in Brussels the royal family disunited for so long. But he is assured the sympathy of Europe in his efforts to put the Belgian house in order.

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INTERNATIONAL and municipal law have already been brought into almost complete accord on the subject of marine piracy and the slave trade so far as it affects African negroes. But there is a form of piracy by land well known to the author, the artist and the composer, viz. the appropriation, without payment or acknowledgment, of the product of his intellectual labour by his compatriots, or his cousins overseas, or by the enterprising foreigner. The municipal legislation of most civilised States now gives, under the name of copyright, an incomplete and imperfect protection to authors against literary and artistic piracy. The Berne Convention of 1886, with its supplementary Act and the declaration of 1896, was a first step towards the creation of a universal law of copyright. It has led to considerable improvement of the municipal law of the States which have joined in the International Copyright Union, and to qualified reciprocity in the recognition by each State adhering to the terms of the rights of authors belonging to other States of the Union.

The Convention has been in force long enough to justify a review of its working, and consideration of its defects, and examination into the numerous ways in which the up-to-date pirate has availed himself of the latest discoveries of modern science to enable him to take without payment the ideas of others in cases not provided against by the Convention or by the law of individual States. The Convention has accordingly been subjected to thorough revision, and the revised Convention signed in November 1908 is now before the nations for adoption or rejection.

Inasmuch as it is a cardinal principle of English law that these international agreements do not affect the rights of anyone within the realm until they are enforced by legislation, the Government in March last appointed a Committee to take stock both of the Convention and of our own law. That Committee has now presented a Report of great value and much interest. In the foreground of the Report one thing stands out pre-eminent: the need of harmonising and consolidating our own copyright laws. Even if not a single step be taken to adopt the new ideas of the Revised Convention, it is intolerable to have a matter of daily concern to authors and artists and publishers scattered over a series of ill-adjusted enactments spreading over nearly two centuries, on which scores of judicial decisions, not all consistent nor all illuminating, have been given. So far back as 1878 it was pointed out that the law was wholly destitute of any sort of arrangement, incomplete and often obscure, and thirty years have not appreciably mended matters. The Committee has further demonstrated the existing confusion by an epitome of the law as it stands to-day, and has clearly indicated the need of placing British law on a plain and uniform basis for the United Kingdom, and if possible also for the rest of the Empire.

But this alone will not suffice for the author or artist. The profits of much literary and artistic work, and in particular music and painting, depend on the public of foreign countries; and it is therefore necessary so to frame our laws as to entitle us, under the Convention or otherwise, to a protection in foreign States reciprocal to the recognition which we give to the copyright of foreign authors and artists. In some respects we are pretty fairly protected as matters at present stand; but in the Convention and Report are indicated a number of instances in which copyright needs further help from municipal or international law.

The Convention seeks to protect choreographic works and pantomimes (i.e. entertainments in dumb show), the acting form of which is fixed in writing or otherwise. It also seeks to protect architecture; and to protect authors of musical works against the adaptation of music to instruments which reproduce it mechanically; and to protect authors of literary, scientific, or artistic works against their public representation on the cinematograph. The Committee reports generally in favour of the extension of our law to cover these cases, but has for obvious reasons found great difficulty in the case of architecture. There is no trouble in protecting an architect's plans and models; but when his building is erected it is treated as fair game by copyists, and it will be very hard to get Parliament to prevent builders and others from taking ideas for new buildings. If complete enough protection is given, we shall have a horrid diversity of laboured originality in our buildings. In dealing with music and the gramophone, the Committee hesitate somewhat between the absolute right of the composer to control the reproduction of his works and the idea of compulsory licence (as in the case of patents) to prevent monopoly. Either method has its attractions and its defects.

From the mass of interesting matter in the Convention and Report space forbids selection of more than one other point, the idea of giving, as a general rule, for all copyrights a term of the author's life and fifty years, and to give to this term, so far as possible, an international recognition without the trouble and technicalities of registration in each country. This would be a very good general rule if equal rights or equal conditions are given by the law of each country to foreign works; but until by close bargaining we can ensure sub-

stantial equality, it is well to keep something in hand to bargain with.

Indeed—though the Report does not deal with it—it should not be forgotten that in certain countries copyright in favour of foreigners is conditional on the setting up or printing of the work within the protecting State, or on undertaking labours in connexion with it which will give to the workmen of the country recognising the copyright of a foreigner something in the way of wages in return for the monopoly thus accorded. This principle is recognised in the Patents Act of 1907 as regards the manufacture of new inventions, and is equally applicable to the publication of new ideas in the domains of literature and art.

The principle is this: that in giving to the foreign author the benefit of copyright in the United Kingdom we should not also give to the foreign trades which are engaged in the multiplying of books and artistic productions an advantage intended by the law only for the author of the work multiplied for circulation.

TARIFF AND IMPERIAL UNITY.

BY VATES.

I.—AN IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

IF it be accepted that a permanently fixed system, whether by theory or by arithmetic, cannot meet permanently unfixed needs, it follows that rigid finalities like Free Trade and the percentage formula of certain Tariff Reformers go out of court at once. Take a few examples of the foreign forces in economic variation which, operating beyond our control, disturb the productive process with us and can never be met by a permanently fixed system, however perfect at the time of its adjustment. To mention only one product and one country, the United States export wire nails at 20 to 30 per cent. less than the price in America; and, in varying forms, the same applies to numerous other products in several countries of Europe as well as in America, with the additional economic novelty of carrying German products for export at reduced rates. Farther, we find prices in Germany lowered as the distance from the seat of production increases, exactly the opposite of what we have been taught for several generations in our orthodox definition of "the market region". Again, in the latter half of the year 1900 the German combination in wire nails exported 19,000 tons, at a gross loss of £42,000, yet making a satisfactory profit on the total output, for home consumption and export taken together. Of course, the Free Trader will claim that the German example in wire nails means a present of £42,000 from the Germans to the peoples buying from them, and let it be admitted at once; but presents are not always worth accepting, and the cost of accepting this will be more clear if we see that the importation of a product at less than the cost of producing it must go to stop its production where it is imported, throwing the agents of production out of employment, which can never be compensated by the fractional gain of accepting such a gift. Besides, the gain is obviously to the commercialist, and the loss falls on the worker, whose only asset is his energy, now displaced and useless to him. Who will put his capital into the production of a commodity where he can buy it at 20 per cent. less than the price at which he can produce it, and then what happens to the man who depends on earning wages? The speculator takes the £42,000, and the workman goes to join a procession of the unemployed.

No one thinks that Tom, Dick and Harry can, with advantage to the country, carry their "democratic" intrusion into the conduct of the Foreign Office; but the work of fiscal adjustment is even more complex and, in many ways, not less esoteric; so that Parliaments themselves, in view of their party necessities, are intrinsically unfitted for the undertaking, even if we go the great length of assuming a parliamentary majority fit to understand it. What, then, shall we say of submitting the issue to the crowd and the ballot-box? It is in its nature a business which crowds cannot hope

to understand; and, in their circumstances, the very best they can attempt is to select men who may understand it. Besides, the problem is essentially imperial, and our surviving fiction of an "imperial Parliament" makes it plain that we have no longer a Parliament that is imperial, though enough of imperial government survives to make raw material for imperial reconstruction. The self-governing colonies already describe themselves as "nations", and this political self-consciousness must grow with their maturity. Here, then, is a real basis of reunion: If a nation forms a national Government of men chosen from her parties, why cannot an Empire form an imperial Government of men chosen from her nations?

Let us begin with a cabinet of the Empire to study and control imperial fiscal interests, and not necessarily confined to these; the nucleus of a really imperial Government to recover and unify the half-lost mechanism of the imperial power, extending its authority as fast as its collective advantage is proved, if so it be, even to the issues of peace and war. In the outlook of international dynamics this means for England's future a choice between pre-eminence and subservience. On the present footing her capacities and her responsibilities develop at different rates of progression, making the impossibility of her position a matter of time and accident. Her outlook is that of an organism unable to direct its own energies, and this is the stage next to disruption. In the coming years she must settle her destiny, making herself more than ever fit as the first power in the world, or receding to the grade of a secondary nation; a momentous decision, dependent on her imperial reconstruction, in which her colonies must be considered in the light of the liberties she has herself given them.

Then we must consider the peculiarities of the British instinct, its way of approaching problems, by intuition rather than by intellect, and often not the less effectively. A French scheme of ready-made definitions might have put an end to this Empire long ago, and no working definition has yet appeared of practical instinct. If the Empire is to be saved, this is the British way. Besides, restoration from the chaos that has grown requires stronger motives than argument. The natural and proper tendency of maturing communities is to grow in ways of their own; and if they remain imperially associated they must have an advantage from the association in accordance with that tendency.

Preferential import taxation is a preliminary necessity, and having adopted this in the United Kingdom, the Empire, in instituting its imperial Cabinet, agrees on a basis: (1) No product to be imported from any country outside the Empire into any country inside it on terms as favourable as are secured for the same product exchanged between two countries of the Empire; and the difference must always be enough to influence the location and direction of trade, provided that inefficiency in production is not subsidised or otherwise privileged at the expense of the consumer. (2) No product to be imported from any country either inside or outside the Empire into any country inside it at less than the normal cost of production in the country of origin; and normal cost of production implies the current rates of remuneration for the agents of production in that country.* (3) After guarding against the evils indicated in the two preceding clauses, the Cabinet proceeds to supplement taxation for the revenue required, devising for every country such incidence as suits it best. (4) A reserve fund, raised in proportion from the whole Empire, is controlled by the Cabinet for fiscal experiments or local emergencies, as in testing in an undeveloped region whether a subvention or other encouragement could start industry in economic proportion to the expenditure, to establish for local enterprise industrial data which it might not be able to establish for itself. (5) The Imperial Cabinet undertakes to provide for the naval defence of the Empire, controlled as a unity, and on the basis of contributions from the various countries in proportion to taxable

capacity. (6) On the decision of the Imperial Cabinet every constituent country commits itself to the principle that the Empire as a whole must use force if necessary for its self-preservation against any disloyalty within it.

There remains a vital defect in the imperial organism if it has no provision by which its combined strength can come to the economic and industrial support of its weakest places, in the same way as its combined fighting power defends the less defensible points. For instance, a little help might have meant much in results when the Yankees were deliberately dumping to kill the beginnings of the great fruit industry in Canada, and a temporary bounty of 2d. a pound for a few years on exported butter enabled the colony of Victoria to establish her flourishing supply in other markets.* An Imperial Cabinet meets this defect also, and it would be selected by the constituent Parliaments of the Empire. It is not necessarily selected from the Parliaments, since the fittest man may have neither the time nor the taste for electioneering. A man charged to adjust the incidence of an Empire's import taxation requires to be as secure from "popular" interference in his work as a General on active service. Define his trust to him and criticise his conduct in the results; but, at work, let him have his faculties free from party fetters to judge for the nations what parties and even Parliaments are comparatively unfit to judge.

The aim is to enable the peoples of the Empire to select those fit to judge what they cannot well judge for themselves, and possibly, if not probably, the fittest man may not be found in public life at all. No country in the Empire may refuse the Imperial Cabinet's decrees, but no country is without a voice in declaring them. The Cabinet is supposed to be always sitting, because the interests it has to watch are always changing; its venue would be permanently in London, but committees of its members would travel over the Empire, that sound judgment may be reinforced by the indispensable knowledge of eye and ear, as well as by electric cables and blue papers, not to mention how the misunderstandings of distance are modified and tempered by human touch. The basis of representation ought to be on relative averages of population and foreign trade, varying automatically with the movements in the different countries, so as not to need imperial Redistribution Bills in the future. On such a footing, who knows whether the largest group in the Cabinet may not soon come from Canada, where less than half the corn-land still untillied could feed the whole of the British Empire, and where the production of grain can increase at the rate of doubling itself in about four years? It is a question whether, assuming all the food from the rest of the world shut out of the United Kingdom by prudent stages, the Canadians could not supply us wholly in a very short time and as cheaply as now, at prices brought down and kept down by the competition of Canadians among themselves—another of the changes that have come about since Free Trade established its dogmatic finalities, when the active sources of competitive food supply within the Empire were not extended and capable of immediate further development as they are now.

The Chairman or Prime Minister of this Imperial Cabinet would be appointed by the King from among its members on the advice of the majority. This new machinery of imperial government would be the outcome of an imperial conference called expressly, and would be embodied in an identical Bill passed by every Parliament (after consultation with the Indian Government) in the constituent countries of the Empire.

Another of the incidental functions vested in the imperial Cabinet is to set the Empire feeding itself, and without increasing the cost of food, surely a more "economic" proposition than the development of skilled industry on the basis of exporting half the product at less than cost and deriving a satisfactory

* Of course this need not apply to a product unproducible in the country importing it.

* Mainly the United Kingdom. The annual exports of butter from Victoria have gone up in sixteen years from £50,300 to £1,654,481. The subvention continued only for three or four years, and Victorian statesmen declare that the results were impossible without it.

profit on both halves from the increased price of the other half for home consumption. This is the economic impossibility which has become a constant fact through German and American "cartels"; and yet it is assumed by many that the whole British Empire, including so much of the best of the earth, could not maintain within itself the competition necessary to keep food below famine prices in one particular little island. If the rest of the world were sunk under the sea tomorrow, leaving the British Empire alone, it could hardly affect the food supply or its prices for much more than a couple of years in any particular country; and yet it is in our power, if we only see it, to bring about practically the same result in regard to food supply and prices without any hardship anywhere for one day, and without any such inconvenience to our neighbours outside the Empire. Should our imperial producers at any time make a "corner" in a particular commodity against any one constituent country, then would be the time for the imperial Cabinet to declare Free Trade in the country threatened.

There is no more need for Protection as a permanent policy than to remain fettered by the rival dogmatism of Free Trade. Both extremes are the expedients of emergency rather than the mechanism of the normal; and they ought to be reserved against crises when either may be applied, or even both at the same time, in different connexions. In short, we have an engine of tremendous power industrially and politically, now perfectly useless to us, because it has not occurred to us to empower qualified judgment in the control of it. The British working man could hardly do a greater good for himself than in handing over his engine to competent engineers, taking care that they are not interfered with and the machinery put out of order by the really irrelevant noise of party politics.

THE CITY.

THE City is wonderfully cheerful, all things considered. Investment brokers have been busy, the outstanding feature again being the demand for home securities, and more particularly home railway stocks. It is not an overwhelming demand, but it is sufficiently pronounced to show that the prestige of home investments is returning. A further batch of good traffics is published, not the least noteworthy being the gains shown by the District and the allied "tubes". Particulars are now available of the terms upon which it is proposed to amalgamate the "Bakerloo", the Great Northern and Piccadilly, and the Charing Cross and Hampstead Companies, and there is no doubt that if the scheme is sanctioned by Parliament, the prior charges of these companies will materially benefit by being consolidated—both as to security and by being rendered more marketable. The new company will have a total capitalisation of £16,800,000, of which £4,200,000 will be in the form of debenture stock for exchange of the existing debentures of the three companies. We also have particulars this week of the applications made by English railways for further capital powers. The total amount to be raised in the form of share capital is just under four and a quarter millions, and the borrowing powers sought involve a little more than one and a quarter million sterling. These are very modest demands, and show that the companies have benefited by the severe criticism to which they were subjected some two years ago. No one can say that the service has suffered through the curtailment of expenditure. On the contrary, we have had efficiency with economy. While the public interest has not been jeopardised, a considerable benefit has accrued to the shareholders, which they have yet to receive. Of the total of four and a quarter millions additional share capital which it is proposed to raise, one-fourth is for the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company, which is proposing to construct a railway at Chadderton and effect sundry widenings and improvements. Lest it be said that we are making too strong a case for

the railways, we would remark that the amount of share capital raised this year is only £400,000. Contrasted with the proposed expenditure, a new era of extravagance would seem to have set in. But until lately this year has been a very bad one for the railways, and not an atom of excuse could be found for making fresh borrowings. In previous years, however, directors did not seek to find excuses; they raised capital when and how they chose. Now, with the promise of greater activity of trade and greatly increased traffics, the proposed expenditure sinks into insignificance. If we go back to 1908 we find that the amount of capital raised by British railway companies was twelve millions, and prospects then were exceedingly poor. Moreover, at the time the expenditure was sanctioned directors had not learnt the value of economy. Of course, if the railways are to have a return of prosperity, labour will want a share; but, under the prevailing system of conciliation boards and arbitration, there is the less danger of a serious strike for higher wages, and the companies can afford to accede to the men's additional demands if they are doing well. Nothing in all this must be taken as encouraging an immediate speculation in home railway stocks. The real investor can buy with safety, because he is assured of a remunerative rate of dividend and an ultimate appreciation in capital value; but the speculator should wait until the General Election is over before he enters the market, as a surprise at the polls might cause a sharp, if only temporary, break in prices.

The rise in the price of United Railways of Havana stock has aroused some criticism, the opinion being freely expressed that there is no justification for the movement. It would seem, however, that the Cubans themselves are buying, and they should be better able than the London market to judge of the prospects of the undertaking. We are informed that the price for the stock in Havana is 108, as against 91 here. This great disparity is partly due to the fact that the certificates in Cuba are "to bearer" and that there is a scarcity of the warrants; but it would also seem to indicate a keen investment inquiry, or buyers would wait until purchases were effected in London and the necessary formalities of exchange arranged. Last week's traffic shows an increase of £4251, bringing up the aggregate gain for the twenty-five weeks to £46,224. This does not mean much in the way of increased dividend for the current half-year, but the future is full of promise. An exceptionally good sugar crop is anticipated, raising hopes that the results obtained in 1906-7 will be repeated. A line mainly dependent upon a single crop is, of course, a precarious investment, as we were painfully reminded in 1907-8, when the sugar crop failed. But the directors are doing something to render the line more independent of the sugar traffic. Money has been spent on making through traffic arrangements, and the company is now getting business which it never had before. Hence there is good reason for the rise in the company's stock. At the same time it must not be forgotten that the railway employes are easily led, and that strikes, if they occur, are generally very serious.

INSURANCE: POLICIES AT HIGH PREMIUMS.

VIII.

IN previous articles it has been explained that policies effected at a high rate of premium involve a varying and relatively small proportion of each premium being used for protection purposes, and a comparatively large portion of each premium being accumulated at compound interest as in a savings bank. The money used for protection purposes is spent every year just as truly as the money paid for expenses of management or the premiums paid for fire insurance is spent. The surrender value of a life policy depends, for practical purposes, upon the total amount that has been saved out of the premiums paid, and consequently the conditions on surrender are much more favourable, in proportion to the total amount paid in premiums, under

policies at a high rate of premium than under those at a low rate. It is nothing unusual for the cash-surrender value of a whole-life non-profit policy to be only 30 per cent. of the premiums paid after the policy has been in force for five years. On a whole-life policy with profits effected at a single premium the cash-surrender value would be considerably more than 100 per cent. of the premium. In view of these facts the conditions on which policies can be surrendered become more important under policies at high rates of premium than under those at low rates, though these conditions are always of moment and vary greatly in different offices.

A policy can be surrendered in various ways: it can be given up altogether for a cash payment or can be exchanged for a policy of a reduced amount upon which no further premiums have to be paid, and which matures at death, or—in the case of endowment assurances—at a specified date. Paid-up policies of this kind do not usually participate in future profits; but sometimes they do, and the difference between the results is very considerable. If a man of thirty takes a policy for £1000, subject to the payment of premiums for twenty years, the sum assured being paid at death whenever it happens, he can surrender this policy at the end of ten years for ten-twentieths of the original amount; the assurance being on the with-profit plan the reversionary bonuses for ten years on £1000 are added to the paid-up policy for £500. If the bonus is a simple addition to the sum assured at the rate of £2 per cent. per annum the bonus would amount to £200 and the paid-up policy to £700, which would be paid at the death of the assured without any further payments by the policyholder. In most offices this paid-up policy would not share in future profits; in some companies it would. If the bonuses were distributed on the basis of a uniform addition to the sum assured only, future bonuses would be calculated on the £500, not on the £700; and if the rate of bonus were 2 per cent. per annum, the addition to the sum assured would be £10 each year. In this example it is supposed that the policy is surrendered at the age of forty. The assured might well live to seventy-five, in which case the sum assured would be increased by £350, and at his death his heirs would receive £1050, instead of £700, simply as the result of having originally selected an office which gave future participation in surplus to paid-up policies. This increase of 50 per cent. in the amount payable is the result of a policy condition, and of nothing else. The variation in the rate of bonus or in the duration of life after the policy is surrendered would vary the percentage of gain, but in principle the benefit is derived from a liberal condition.

If the bonus system were on the compound reversionary plan, calculated on the sum assured and on previous reversionary additions as well, each bonus declared would earn future bonuses, and from the date of surrender the increase in the sum assured would be calculated upon the £700, not upon the £500. Other things being equal, a compound reversionary bonus is at a lower rate than a simple reversionary bonus, the latter plan yielding better results if the assured dies soon, the compound plan being the more advantageous if the assured lives long.

There is one company which declines, or at any rate used to decline, to give to paid-up policies the amount of reversionary bonuses on the original sum assured. Thus if bonuses to the extent of £200 had been earned on a policy of £1000, and ten premiums out of twenty had been paid, the new paid-up policy would have been for half the original sum of £1000 and half the declared bonuses of £200, making only £600 in all, and this policy would receive no share of future profits. When at the same outlay £1050 can be obtained instead of £700, or even instead of £600, it is manifestly foolish not to secure, when selecting the policy originally, conditions which may have so large an effect upon the results.

THE HORRID COMMONS.

THE masterly volumes in which Professor Firth appears as the continuator of Dr. Gardiner contain much that is of great interest at this moment.* As to-day, so just two and a half centuries ago, the horridlest arbitrariness that ever was exercised in the world—Lord Lansdowne must have taken his apt Cromwellian quotation from these pages—was “so tender of the privilege of Parliament as to forget the liberties of Englishmen”, and by “over-voting the lovers of freedom” was aiming by a law to “perfect their instrument of bondage and rivet it on the necks of the good people for ever, and thereby make them vassals and slaves perpetually”. This, the Cromwellian statesmen considered, would never do. There must be an effective House of Lords which would “preserve the good interest against the uncertainty of the Commons’ House”, and be a sort of a citadel in which the party of progress could hold out, *custos libertatis Angliæ*. Cromwell told the Commons that he would not accept office—this sounds like Mr. Asquith reversed—“without there might be some other Body that might interpose between you and me on behalf of this commonwealth, to prevent a tumultuary and a popular spirit”. “A Parliament consisting of a single assembly elected by the people and invested with the whole power of government” seemed to him “so strange a thing that neither ancient nor modern prudence can shew any example of the like”—unless it were the Thirty Tyrants of Athens or the Decemvirs at Rome. A “check or balancing power” was essential to civil liberty. Single-Chamber government had been tried from 1649 to 1653, with calamitous results. When he had secured his House of Lords, Oliver—once, according to Packer, “the greatest anti-lord in England”—declared that the ship of State had at last reached its desired haven, that those who had helped thereto would be blessed by future generations as the restorers of paths to dwell in, and that “if there be any higher work which mortals can attain unto in this world beyond this” he was ignorant of it. “What hinders this nation from being an *Aceldama*, if this do not?” Nathaniel Fiennes, on the same occasion, compared the two Houses to Ephraim and Manasseh and to Leah and Rachel, which did build the House of Israel.

There had been determined opposition in the Commons. Haselrig, like Mr. Asquith, invoked the shades of Pym, Strode and Hampden. “The other House”, said another Republican orator, “was justly cast out, by their being clogs upon the passing of many good laws.” To which it was answered that “the great reason was that bills passed too hastily here”, and that that House “did pass more in a month than the best student in England can understand in a year. A check is necessary upon us”. The Parliament of 1653 had done well to refuse to change its name to “the Representative of the People”. Besides, it was held by some that “the spirit of those the Commons represent hath little affinity with, or respect to, the cause of God”, and that the “future security of the honest interest seemeth (under God) to be laid up” in a House of Lords composed of “men of property and influence and of unshakable fidelity to the Cause”. The interest of the godly might require the dissolution of that or of all Parliaments, which yet the Commons might object to. It is melancholy to find that it was considered essential by Cromwell and his friends that the Upper House should be a House of landlords and denominationalists. In fact, the republicans derided the new House as “having no interest, not the forty-thousandth part of England”. It was endeavoured to reassure them by pointing out the strength of the military interest among the new “Lords”. Whether they should be called a House of Lords or only “the Other House” was vehemently debated. The former name seemed safest. “We know not what this ‘Other House’ may do. It may claim to be the House of Commons, to open the people’s purse at both ends.”

* “The Last Years of the Protectorate” By Charles Harding Firth. London: Longmans. 1909. 2 vols. 24s. net.

As it was, thirty of the ablest Commoners were to be given seats in it. The objection is fatal to an idea which has doubtless occurred to enterprising minds in the present crisis, that the entire Liberal party in the Commons should be raised to the Peerage, or else that the Upper House should not be even the Other House, but the Same House, robed, coronetted, and seated on red morocco.

The misdeeds of the old House of Lords, however, were brought up against the institution. It had refused to concur in the trial and beheading of the King. Its negative had often grieved "the saintlike army", which was now practically, as in Plato's Republic, an estate by itself. The Protector told the Commons, however, that it was they, not the Lords, who were the overthrowers of the Constitution, and bringers-in of chaos. "And, if this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I do declare to you here that I do dissolve this Parliament. And let God be judge between you and me." "Amen," some voices answered—not, we must suppose, "after the old Cathedral manner." Oliver, though the "drudge" and "kickshaw" of the major-generals, resented the demagoguery of "tribunes of the people". His Fifth Monarchy opponents retorted with various theological expressions, among which the seed of the Dragon and the Babylonish Beast who had taken the crown from Christ's head to place it on his own figured prominently. Against such a monster the dagger of Ehud was the Scriptural remedy. Mr. Firth is evidently a little scandalised that "Killing no Murder" was read by staid Royalists like Clarendon with relish, not only for its wit, but for its reasoning. Private right of tyrannicide, however, was directly taught by Milton, and ordinary people might be excused for thinking that others besides regicides could play at that game.

It was decided that the choice of the new Lords—not to exceed seventy in number—should rest with the Protector. There was much self-denying competition in the Commons' House for a seat in Another Place, and many hopes expressed that the Lord would direct his Highness' selection. Lenthall, when chosen, rejoiced that all the elevated ones "shall themselves and their heirs be for ever peers of England". But, when the list was complete, the principal part, wrote Ludlow "were such as had procured their present possessions by their wits and were resolved to enlarge them by selling their consciences". The accident of birth was, alas! done homage to by the inclusion of seven of the Cromwell family; but, of seven members of the old Peerage summoned, all "disdained" to come except Cromwell's son-in-law, Fauconberg, and an indigent nobleman, "once well esteemed for honesty"—how history repeats itself!—the Lord Ure of Eure. Even Warwick "would not be persuaded to sit with Colonel Hewson and Colonel Pride, whereof the one had been a shoemaker and the other a drayman", while Say, of all people, used the most reactionary language about our old nobility, the insolency of the multitude, and the dishonour incurred by any peer of England who should make himself a *felo de se*, a stalking-horse and vizard for the supersession of the historic House of Lords by Cromwellian nominees.

The City was not as staunch for the good old cause as it had been. Finance was a more absorbing interest than politics, and Republicans asked sadly, "What is the City but a great tame beast that eats and carries and cares not who rides it?" But it felt the tax laid in 1657 on developed building land, and, said an M.P., "nothing is so like to blast your settlement as a land tax". The new excise was an impost "more burthensome than ship-money". The question of supply became a most anxious one towards the end of the Protectorate, and Henry Cromwell hoped that God of His mercy would save his father from the temptation to levy taxes by the sword alone. The Protector lamented the nation's ragged, unpaid and barefooted army, and his own pecuniary engagements to Charles X. were not fulfilled. Professor Firth eschews the rôle of commentator, but he might here perhaps have recalled the extent to which the Cromwellian

family and most of the heroes of Puritan simplicity feathered their private nests. And the whole history leaves us once more in amazement at the tacit indulgence of historians towards acts of an upstart military despotism for one-twentieth part of which they would have damned the old monarchy with sternest reprobation. Cromwell himself was the supreme opportunist, and his alliance with the Scarlet Woman against not Spain only, but Holland, led to a certain toleration of Papists at home. The Sardinian Chapel just demolished in Kingsway was the place, if we remember right, where their attendance at Mass was first connived at. But the ferocious laws against Popery were strengthened, and for prelacy there was no mercy at all. Bishop Wren, for instance, spent the whole nineteen years between 1641 and 1660 in prison. Udenominational Protestantism was then, as now, the only State-endowed religion, and the "national Church" was confined to conforming "professors". The day before Cromwell took to his bed for the last time, Fox met him riding with his life guards in Hampton Court Park, and pleaded for mitigation of the Quakers' sufferings. "I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man."

CHRISTMAS.

BY ARTHUR C. HEADLAM.

A LITTLE more than nineteen hundred years ago a little child was born. Whatever strange facts may have accompanied his birth, nothing of that was known to his neighbours. He grew up as a village boy in the country districts of Galilee. He was a carpenter, the son of a carpenter. He lived among the people and was held to be like the people, to live as they did, and to think as they did. The times were troubled ones. The old glories of Judaism seemed to have gone—the newer tinselled glory of the Herods was over. The strong might of the Roman legions was breaking the spirit of the people. Everywhere the tax-gatherer was collecting his tribute. Turbulent spirits were striving for revolt; religious dreamers were building up their apocalyptic visions of a kingdom which was to come. Then a voice was heard coming from the desert, with something of the sternness of the old prophetic utterance, saying that the "kingdom" was coming, telling men to give up their sins and to wash them away in the waters of baptism. The carpenter of Nazareth seemed to be seized with the contagious enthusiasm. He listened to the teaching; he was baptised as others; he withdrew into the desert. From the desert he came back and began to teach. Followers collected round him; he stirred up enthusiasm; he taught as no man had ever taught before. He healed the sick, he cleansed lepers, he cast out devils. Crowds flocked round him. Surely here was the Messiah! surely the kingdom had come! But the obvious notes of the Messiah were not there. Here was no commander to lead the turbulent spirits against the legions of Rome. Here was no supernatural figure that came down from heaven and appeared amidst the assembled worshippers in the courts of the Temple. They were disappointed. The Scribes and the Pharisees questioned him, and he would tell them nothing that they wanted to know. But a small body of true friends clustered round him. A short period of enthusiasm, a short period of disappointment—and he and his followers went to Jerusalem. He went as the Messiah. Some accepted him as the Messiah. There were hopes that there might now be a revolt. But the wise priests had no intention of embroiling the country with Rome—certainly not for one who seemed to think little of their authority or the authority of the doctors of the Law. The rigorous methods of Roman administration quenched the rising hopes. His disciples forsook him and fled.

A few years, and we find the little band of disciples who seemed to have so little courage—a group of ignorant Galilean peasants—preaching Jesus the Messiah. They are filled with a new and strange spirit. Crowds come to hear them—the message spreads through Palestine—the opposition that it arouses

scatters the preachers far and wide. Damascus and Cyprus and Antioch become the centres of the new faith; and under the leadership of the pupil of a well-known Rabbi, who himself had been a persecutor, it makes marvellous steps onward, and in spite of opposition and persecution it spreads throughout the Empire. It rears its head in Rome; everywhere, like a silent leaven, it works through the world. Sometimes opposed, sometimes, perhaps, fostered, it seems to be ever growing. It creates a new life, a new hope, and a new enthusiasm. It withstands the cruellest persecutions and conquers the Empire.

And then we hear a knocking at the distant gates of Rome—the sound of new nations rising into being. Wild and fierce and strong barbarians, they sweep over the Alps; they overthrow the great cities; they ravage the provinces. The world seems to have come to an end. But that power seizes them. It captures the conquerors, and by them obtains a new dominion. It rears a great spiritual kingdom stronger than the old temporal kingdom of the Cæsars. It builds up a new and strange comity amongst new races. Revolt against the new power arises, as it arose against the old. New nations start into the world to gain a new life, and still inspired by the same faith. And even now, in many new lands, under tropical suns, in the great prairies of America, sometimes in new and strange guises, the old power lives on. In a very different way from his imagining thought, the stone which Daniel the prophet saw in his vision has grown and spread and filled the earth.

Whence came this power? whence came this force? Who was that child, born in that obscure province of the Roman Empire nineteen hundred years ago, whose birth portended such wonderful things to the world? The Christian Church takes us to Bethlehem; it shows us the little child lying in a manger; it bids us see the shepherds worshipping; it bids us see that strange caravan that had come from distant Eastern lands; it bids us gaze on that bright glory in the skies; it lets us hear the voice that said to Mary "He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest; he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end; that holy thing shall be called the Son of God". It bids us hear the voice which said to the shepherds "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord", and to hear the angelic song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of goodwill". What would it teach us by these stories which are woven into the very fabric of Western thought? It tells us that we must see in that peasant teacher the revelation of God in the world. And we, as we ponder over the pageant of Christian history, and think of the message which then came to men, and wonder what power would suffice to accomplish all that has happened, and as we feel in our hearts that peace which Christ alone can give amid the trials and temptations and disappointments of the world, may not we too say, as others have said before us, "Truly this is the Son of God"?

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

"I'LL mourn no more that Winter days are long;
I'll build a fire and sing a song.

Perchance some wayfarer unseen by me
Shall hear my song and go more heartily.

I'll open wide the door—a table spread
With herbs and honey, and with oaten bread.
Perchance some wanderer shall see the light
And find goodwill, and shelter for the night."

So said an exile in a hut of clay,
Snow-shrouded, on the Morn of Christmas Day.
Rich merchants passed, and laughed to see coarse bread,
Wild herbs, and honey, for a Feast Day spread.

And king and courtiers gave him alms unsought;
But all the day no wanderer asked him aught!
Yet, though no outcast came his Feast to share,
He entertained an Angel unaware!

ALTHEA GYLES.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

By EDWARD H. COOPER.

THERE is a famous writer on racing matters whose weekly articles in a contemporary are full of language which is constantly quoted, approvingly or otherwise, by his fellow-journalists, and which every man has longed to apply at one time or another to the events of the passing year and their actors. "An anserous and asinine crowd"; "muddy-headed moon-calves"; "the gullible herd"; who would not long to fling adjectives and substantives of this description at the head of some political or literary or social enemy? One ought not to use such language about children or Christmas, but the words recur to my mind with loving memory whenever I have read two or three score of modern books for children.

This year I have read fifty-three; last year I not only read about the same number, but had the honour of talking to half a dozen or so of their authors while the immortal works in question were being written; the year before that I read some incredible number (I believe over a hundred) of the same class of books; and the question which presents itself to me with yearly growing force is, What on earth is in the mind of the man or woman who deliberately sits down and writes three or four of them? It must be remembered that a large majority of authors of this description write their books, not in the fashion of even moderately intelligent novelists, at the rate of one per annum, but at the rate of two and three, and sometimes five or six, in the year, all of which are published within a few weeks of one another, and seem for some obscure reason to bring their authors a mild but enviable and regular income.

The secret of the sale of these books is open to anybody who knows the nursery and school-room worlds. It is a matter of the bachelor uncle, the maiden aunt, and the well-meaning, but ignorant, friend. No human being who has ever spent an intimate week with a child, listening to the creature's opinions, and noting its actions, would ever dream of considering more than one per cent. of the child-books published every year nowadays for Christmas or birthday presents. In that week's conversation it is impossible that you could have failed to hear the young person's real private opinion of this literature. At first she suspects your bona fides. If you ask her opinion of a gift book, she puts you down mentally at first as a friend of the giver, a friend of the author, or possibly the author in person, who is in any case going to "tell" if she expresses her real opinion of the book. A day or two later comes the cautious admission that she "began to read" the work of art in question, but Miss X. (her governess) told her that she "might put it away". Later on, if in several ways you have shown yourself to be perfectly trustworthy, she will tell you her candid opinion of the book, occasionally in the most startling language. "I call So-and-so", a twelve-year-old lady wrote to me once, "sodden rot, only mother says I musn't use Guy's words without telling her beforehand." Then she criticised several other Christmas and New Year gift books with equal candour, the whole forming a letter which, if I published it, would cause a painful and somewhat considerable stir among authors, publishers, and critics whose work centres round the children's Christmas season.

But it must be remembered, among the more curious details of this matter, that not a hundredth part of the persons dealing with child literature know anything whatever about a child's personal tastes. They need to know nothing, because the child's taste, as I have said, is an infinitesimally unimportant part of the sale of the book; and in these busy times few people want to "get up" a subject which will bring them neither thanks nor profit. The publisher and critic "play up to" the bachelor uncle, whose 3s. 6d. is, naturally enough, the real matter. What is in his mind I do not pretend to guess. Naturally he is quite unaware that the modern child in its schoolroom reads "David Copperfield", "Cranford", and the stories of Charlotte Yonge; he

never goes there, and if such a visit were anticipated the young person would be found buried in his own last gift book. It would be unreasonable to expect him to know any better, since his views are culled from the daily papers; and the dim suspicion which surely must occur to him now and then, that the omniscience of such critics stops at the bottom of the nursery stairs, rarely becomes a certainty to his mind. I remember it was not confirmed in my own mind till I had read numerous notices on the death of Charlotte Yonge, whose well-thumbed volumes stack the shelves of three-quarters of the children of my acquaintance. "A writer for the Parish Library", said a brief biography in a famous "yellow" journal. "Yet there is something in her books besides sanctified twaddle", a similar newspaper graciously admitted. "The kind of incident which she thought attractive makes her seem old-fashioned to those who have been trained in the work of George Egerton, 'Iota', and Sarah Grand", wrote another person, who, it is to be hoped, does not put his theories into practice by distributing cheap editions of "The Yellow Aster" and "The Heavenly Twins" or their successors as schoolroom presents at this season. In truth, when one reflects that it is stuffed up with such verdicts that the bachelor uncle goes to Hatchards in search of literary Christmas presents, one wonders why the result, as visible on schoolroom bookshelves, is no worse.

I have heard the theory advanced with much fervour that it would do the ordinary child less harm, intellectually and morally, to read the most scandalous of modern "grown-up" books than the dreary school stories, sentimental yarns about sick, widowed mothers, and fifth-rate adventure tales which litter the lists of modern publishers. There would be something to be said for the theory, but for one fact. The trashy plots of the stories which I have in my mind, coupled with the villainous slipshod English in which they are written, would debase youthful literary taste, and thereby do a considerable amount of damage—if the child ever chanced to read them. But the lady or gentleman in question does nothing of the sort. He or she has a private library kept for reading purposes, and another kept for the reception of gift books. Madame Albanesi summed up all the advantages of these literary gifts in a recent article, where she described how "the advent of a parcel still has its proper measure of mystery and excitement, and the dignity of twelve years melts into the eager haste of ten as the string is cut, the brown paper is unwrapped, and the neat arrangement of Christmas books is revealed". That "parcel" is the sum and substance of the whole matter, very much as leaving the house in a taxi or carriage is the "summum bonum" of many parties. "It's the going which matters to me, not the where", said a small, excited bundle of wraps to me once, when I was cross-examining her delicately as to her reasons for wishing to pay a third visit to a house where she had once frankly admitted that she was invariably and badly bored; and if that brown paper parcel described by Madame Albanesi had a dozen farthing Christmas cards in it, it would be just as popular.

The real difficulty is that books for children require an amount of work and knowledge altogether disproportionate to the money which you are going to make out of them. It strikes one at first as curious that writers like Mr. Barrie, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Cholmondeley, and Madame Albanesi herself, who know a child's mind as well, in schoolboy parlance, as if they had been down there with a candle, should not more often imitate the devotion of writers like Miss Yonge or Mr. Henty or Madame de Ségur, and give up a year or two to mere unadulterated child work. Then, on reflection, one perceives that one is asking these writers for a work of mere charity, which they may or may not feel inclined to give, but whose refusal cannot be met with reproaches. Mrs. Clifford's "Anyhow Stories" and "The Getting Well of Dorothy" show that their author can write nursery and schoolroom work which is very rapidly put apart by the child-reader from other gift books; while the work which the author of "Peter Pan" would do after this fashion makes one's mouth

water to think of. It is rough luck on the small folk that their literature should not at least hit some happy medium between this and the actual publishers' lists of 1909.

A GREAT COLLECTOR.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

NOT every one who amasses rarities and costly things is a collector in the true sense of the title. One must be born of the race. And though a man be born with the instinct and the passion, how many impediments of nature or of fortune may prevent him from attaining a place in those chosen ranks! He may have the curiosity and the acquisitiveness, but lack that nice discrimination of the great collector, and amass with mere rapacity, casting his net in the deep waters of antiquity and fishing up coarse and fine alike; or he may find himself possessor of a superb gallery of forgeries. Of these last we need not speak; they are but copyists, and the root of the matter is not in them. But those who have the temperament generally learn; to collect is an education; and smatterers in the art, such as begin with toys like walking-sticks and postage-stamps, may find themselves—perhaps only on their death-beds—discovering a nobler appetite for porcelain or for sculpture. Fortune again is often unkind and contrary. Our great collector, Charles I., for instance, who gathered together what was, I suppose, the most splendid series of pictures ever collected by one man; how ill destiny served him, plaguing him with vexatious and unruly Parliaments when he should have been choosing Titians and giving gorgeous commissions to his architects and painters! Lack of means may hinder; but not at all in the degree that might be imagined. Even in these days when only masters of fabulous revenues, such as Oil Kings and potentates of that kind enjoy, are supposed to be able to acquire the greatest masterpieces, even now the born collector (witness Sir Hugh Lane) manages to secure fine examples of painting by the most renowned of names for comparatively little. Courage, patience, knowledge, a keen and fine taste; these may be backed against the deepest purse in the world, if the owner of that have not these gifts also. You may know the born collector by his manner; as he handles a choice piece, he is transfigured; he is all finger-tips and eye; nay, among the elect of this kind there are those who, becoming blind, can tell with some rarefied perception, between touch and smell, the period and the country, the make and the maker, of this or that specimen of pottery, of metal-work, of sculpture.

George Salting was of the great race. And fortune had amply endowed him with the means to gratify his instinct. For long years he spent all but a fraction of a great income on his manifold collections. He bought widely and bought well. It is true, he had his limitations. He was no pioneer. But to be in advance of the taste of the time, like Rossetti, to discover virgin fields, unexploited yet by dealers, this is the province of the genius with moderate means. Mr. Salting could afford to compete with a keen market; if he bought what it was the fashion to pay high for, no doubt the joys of contest brought his occupation richer zest. The days of anxiety he cost the dealers, those luxuries of hesitation, those dallies of desire, were all indispensable; the pleasing torments of devotion. It may be said that his vast collections lacked character; that subtle impress of personality which certain collectors give to what they own, so that we feel it inconceivable that things of a particular type or quality should ever belong to them, while other things seem to be theirs by a sort of right. I have heard, I do not know how much truth is in the report, that rival collectors, wishing to divert Mr. Salting from their own special field, succeeded by telling him that they had acquired something (in a quite different line) of which he had no specimen; it was enough to start him on a fresh track. But whatever province he invaded, his captures were of the choicest. Collecting for him was the grand passion. Already, as we see from the newspapers, he

is becoming a legend. His extravagant economies in the little comforts proverbially associated with wealthy bachelors touch the popular imagination. He had a part in life, and he played it, serenely unconscious of effect, to the full. We have too few of such characters in our day of smooth compromises. He had the simplicity and grandeur of a type. If Molière had created a collector in his comedies, he would have been such a man as this.

It seems to be fairly certain now that Mr. Salting's treasures are to become the nation's property. When we remember what beautiful things have been lost to this country by sheer short-sightedness; when we think of Lawrence's marvellous collection of drawings, the most magnificent ever made, offered to the nation for a moderate sum and rejected, to take only one striking instance, we are inclined to think that England has better luck than she deserves. Certainly other nations may well envy us so splendid a bequest; and if it is not shown that the will which has been found has been modified by a later one, it is a bequest unhampered by any of the irksome conditions so often attached to such legacies. In this will, I understand, the particular destination of the several collections is not specified; but it is to be presumed that the wonderful treasures in the Victoria and Albert Museum will remain in the galleries they have so long adorned. The Chinese porcelain lent to that museum by Mr. Salting is a collection unsurpassed in Europe, of its kind. It is not an historically representative series, like the Franks collection, but rather a dazzling array of the most prized and finished specimens of the ceramic art, of the three great periods, K'ang Hsi, Yung Chêng, and Ch'ien Lung. As Chinese art comes to be better known, taste will probably revert to the noble largeness of earlier design, as seen in the simpler wares of the Lung period. Of these Mr. Salting had but few authentic specimens. But matchless workmanship will always hold its place, and whatever vicissitudes of taste may come about, this collection is magnificently representative of the periods and styles it illustrates. Of the other choice things at South Kensington, the ivories, the metal-work, the Persian carpets, it would require the learning of many experts to write with due appreciation. These, like the pictures shown in the National Gallery, are more or less known to the public. It is of more interest to note some of the treasures which Mr. Salting kept in his own apartments. Among these is a collection, which has not, I think, been mentioned in the papers, of early Italian Medals: the finest private collection in the world, unless the Dreyfus collection be thought to rival it. It is practically confined to the fifteenth century, but remarkable not less for its admirably representative character than for the high quality of the specimens it contains. This, one may suppose, will go to the Medal Room of the British Museum; and if so, will make the section to which it would belong the richest in existence. A fine collection of jade must be mentioned; and among the pictures a Vermeer, together with good examples of most of the best Dutch masters (Steen, Ruysdael, Maes, etc.); and excellent Constables. Of drawings Mr. Salting had no large collection, but some incomparable things among them. He had one of the two or three genuine English portrait heads by Holbein outside the great series at Windsor; this was the beautiful drawing of a lady, bought a year or two ago, and exhibited this summer at the Burlington Club; and a splendid Dürer, the so-called portrait of Lucas van Leyden, dated 1525. Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Gainsborough are also finely represented; and not the least is the collection of some forty portrait drawings of the school of Clouet, in quality perhaps superior to any of the similar collections in France. Lastly there is the marvellous series of miniatures, from Holbein—and what a matchless Holbein is the "Anne of Cleves", also seen at the Burlington Club this year!—through Hilliard, the Olivers, Coopers and Flatman, to Cosway and Engleheart. This collection alone would have made a lesser collector's renown.

Since the above was written, the definite announcement has been made that the Salting collection is

bequeathed to the nation. The bulk of it is to go to the Victoria and Albert Museum, as was anticipated; but the condition is made that all the bequest to that Museum is to be kept together. A rather severe blow, this, to the newly adopted "classification by material", which has caused so much controversy.

A NOTE ON PADEREWSKI'S SYMPHONY.

By FILSON YOUNG.

ON Saturday afternoon last, at a concert of the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Dr. Richter, M. Paderewski's Symphony was performed for the second time in England. It has had none of the advertisement with which such works are usually heralded, and by musical critics as a whole it has been received coldly. Unfortunately I myself heard it for the first time on Saturday, and as I do not pretend to be able to take in a work of this magnitude and complexity at one hearing, I do not propose to write a criticism on it. But I wish to lose no time in recording certain broad facts about it which are at once obvious, and which have not received due recognition either in this country or America.

The Americans found it dull and tedious; so also, one may remind them, did they find the Elgar Symphony at first, until their judgment had been influenced and their enthusiasm led by a body of critical opinion which they could not but respect. As to the Paderewski Symphony, therefore, I did not attach much importance to the American verdict; but when I heard it confirmed here I assumed that it was probably true. I was certainly not prejudiced in favour of the symphony before I heard it. Every criticism that I have read before or since has grudgingly admitted certain fine qualities in it, but has condemned it as a whole on account of its lack of proportion. This does not seem to me a just or true criticism, or one with which the verdict of the future will be in agreement. With all its faults of proportion, I feel that M. Paderewski's Symphony is among the finest and most beautiful pieces of music that have been written in our time. It is full of poetry, full of colour and rhythm, and informed also with an extraordinary spiritual depth, a limpid and serene element of which only the upper surfaces are moved, and which gives to their movement a profound and luminous significance. Great and thorough as one knows M. Paderewski to be as a musician, it was certainly a discovery to me that he could work with success on so great a scale. The orchestration is extremely beautiful and in many ways quite original; his treatment of string tone in the middle register, and of the low register of flutes and other wood-wind, struck me as unfamiliar and, what does not always follow, effective. The whole symphony, moreover, has a rhythmic freshness which is invaluable in a work of such length and complexity, and (to single out one more quality which distinguishes the symphony from most other music on the same scale) the tonality, that subtle affair of modulation and key relationship which is so hard to analyse or reduce to any system, gives the work a coherence and continuity that is very satisfying to the ear.

I repeat that I do not feel competent to give after one hearing any more detailed criticism of the work. I wish merely to pay a first tribute to it as a composition of the highest interest and importance, of which much more ought to be heard, and which will, I am certain, take a permanent place among the musical works of our time.

DECEMBER.

THE voices in the dawn chorus coming this morning from the fir-trees and the deep recesses of the evergreen oak swelled from thin cheeping, from single muffled notes, to some measure of an earlier richness.

Calling your hand to your curtain, the eager broken ripplings poured in at your bared window, poignant jewels of sound, in the brilliant twilight streaming from

the waning wintry crescent hanging just above the garden space. The dark outlines of the blunt low hedgerows were broken here and there by the high poplars, motionless black plumes against the silver fields. Beyond, at the edge of the world the cold daylight answered the welcoming voices, widening above the little clouds clumped along its margin, until at last they glowed to saffron and promised rose and told of crimson bars to burn across the sky. And then the voices thinned and ceased and night had left the mild raw air.

And when full day was there, a blackbird broke, from the high beech hedge dotted with lingering leaves crowning the steep bank across the roadway, into sudden wild singing—and on through the sunlit hours, daunted by a passing midday shower, he has sung as though he could know no winter but must carol so through the lengthening days until the coming of April. And now his voice follows you as you go in the afternoon light away from the homestead and road, up the high bank, through the gate and along the field-path towards the little shaw nestling in the hollow at the foot of the slope.

The end of the year is at hand, and in this down-sheltered southern strip memory prompts a quest. The song sounds faint and far, a fringe of liquid shrillings, as you cross the stile between the last drenched meadow and the acre of ploughed land stretching to the margin of the shaw. Once well out on the little firm grass-fringed causeway you are free from its haunting.

The earth lies silent all round you. The chill sweet air and the pervading dampness carry you on. A moment's turn served for the picture from the stile—the gleaming enamel of the two broad fields through which you had come, the scanty irregular fencing, the high bank and hedge marking the horizon, obliterating the farm and the distant village, showing only the top of the old grey sailless windmill on the crest of the hill, cutting you off, giving you to the world of the fields, the expanse of teeming furrows, the little silent wood and the wide sandy flats, dotted with shining pools, stretching away and away, to the sea.

The pathway will take you along beside the wood to where the thicket breaks to a wide access at the foot of the slope. But there is a better way if you will leave your high security and plunge—when you reach the nut-bushes, a little forest of bare twigs forming the angle of the shaw—into the soft turned earth. You must drag your happy burdened feet step by step along the margin of the thicket, the strong sharp earth currents tingling to your finger-tips—bringing a sudden vision of the summer's fragrant bean-rows standing in the hot sunshine festooned with the songs of sipping bees—until just beyond the half-way a small gap shows, granting access to a little muddy alley. The straggling brambles spread long bare thorny tentacles across the slippery path, and the drenched bushes besprinkle you as you brush by.

The world is away. Your winding passage has brought you into the fellowship of the encircling trees. The little wood, which showed in the distance a dark colourless clump nestling compactly beyond the sloping fields, is growing and widening as it draws you in. The sounds of your passage are echoed back from an immense stillness. With a sharp turn the avenue opens, disclosing the heart of the woodland. On the floor of the clearing, lit by the misty afternoon gold, stand the great oaks. Shimmering downwards until it is lost in the velvet moss around their feet the silver lichen clothes them. Drip, drip, drip, the lingering raindrops fall from their sleeping branches. In the immeasurable stillness there is no sound but the sharp drip, drip. Sloping gently down to the thicket—a ruddy blur away beyond the gleaming boles—the clearing, sunswept, glistens from every jewelled blade, and on its breast redeemed in the sheltered solitude you find, a fitful arabesque, clumps of rich wrinkled leafage, bearing here and there, sharp and pale, the tender petals of a primrose.

CORRESPONDENCE.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE BANKING QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

7 December 1909.

SIR,—The contribution of your correspondent, Mr. W. P. Baines, in your issue of the 4th raises a number of interesting and important points.

Mr. Baines says "What we seem to lack is adequate control of capital", by which I understand he means there is an insufficiency of liquid capital, which is undoubtedly true. There are two ways by which this may be provided. The one is that suggested by Mr. Meulen: the issue of credit notes against capital—not gold merely—which would provide an amount limited only by capital available and the demand for such notes. The other way is that provided by our present system—viz. increase the supply of gold. The latter is about the most irrational system one could well imagine, for it means that employment must depend upon the precariousness and accidental discoveries of gold, which is less sane than an Act limiting the hours of labour to correspond to the hours of sunshine.

"The available savings of the world tend to be represented by gold because no doubt gold has such obvious advantages and is so universally acceptable." So writes Mr. Baines, who seeks to make a virtue of necessity. Experience proves the contrary. Gold possesses no greater advantages for currency purposes than paper. Paper circulates to a much greater degree in those countries where gold and paper are equally available. And as regards its being "universally acceptable", this is due to law and law alone. All nations have enacted laws making gold legal tender, a condition that would make paper equally acceptable. Fifty years ago silver was more acceptable than gold, because silver was then the universal legal standard money. Gold was actually demonetised in Holland in 1847. My quarrel with the gold standard is that it greatly restricts the use of capital and is far too scarce an article for the needs of modern commerce. It is this that causes fluid capital to be scarce, so that if it is needed in Egypt and New York we have to stand idle and wait for its return. "You cannot eat your cake and have it", says Mr. Baines. No, but why confine yourself to a single cake when flour and butter and eggs and currants are so abundant? Why not have enough cakes to go round? Here is the very root of the problem of unemployment. All the prime factors of production, land, labour, and capital, are abundant. We haven't commenced fully to employ one half of the amount available. Wealth is produced so easily and quickly that the cry of this century is "over-production". The thing that worries the producer to-day is not how to produce wealth and capital, but how to get rid of it, how to exchange it. Millions are spent annually and wars are often waged trying to produce fresh markets. Where, then, is the difficulty? Surely in the mechanism of exchange. We produce more goods than our restricted mechanism allows us to exchange. It is—to use Mr. Baines' simile—our restricting ourselves to one cake—a golden cake—when we might have dozens far more digestible and palatable. After all, money and credit are mere inventions, and if the same freedom had been allowed by legislators in this field as in all other fields of invention, industry and production would not be in the insecure condition they now are.

This condition is aptly illustrated by the well-known pyramid standing upon its apex. The figure shows the same apex representing gold, supporting a huge volume of credit upon which the whole of our trade and commerce rests. With the idea of the inverted pyramid in mind, it is easy to see why the shipment of a comparatively small amount of gold affects our trade so disastrously. The shipment of, say, five millions in gold reduces credit ten or twenty times and cuts off a corresponding volume of trade.

One error Mr. Baines has made is that an increase of credit raises prices. This is not necessarily so. An

increase in gold or credit might have that effect if all other conditions remained the same. But they do not. There are hundreds of new industries that would be started within a week if money could be obtained more easily and cheaper than at present. I do not mean merely "call" loans. New enterprises usually require time for development, and no one would start with borrowed money if it were likely to be called in, say, within three or four months. What is needed is cheap time loans for such industries. This would increase employment and production and the demand for credit would increase as fast as and faster than the supply.

A READER OF THE S. R.

MR. CAMERON CORBETT AND TRADESTON DIVISION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 21 December 1909.

SIR,—“Politics have never been a scrupulous department of human affairs.” Such is the opinion of a prominent writer on social problems; and the political manœuvring of Mr. Corbett at the time of his withdrawal from the Unionist party, and latterly during the past few weeks, gives a practical illustration of the truth of this dictum. At his committee meeting on the 17th inst. he complained that a reflection had been cast on the constituency because of his postcard inquiry. Why was the postcard inquiry adopted? And does it not come near to being an infringement of the Ballot Act? The constituency would have been spared this reflection had he, in a manly, straightforward, and constitutional manner resigned his seat at the time of his secession and contested it as a Liberal. After his act of tergiversation he chose to sit tight and record his vote for the measures of the Government—a fact of which he now boasts—though returned as a Unionist, and by the aid of the Conservative organisation. If that is what he regards as political honesty or political consistency, may the gift of smiling never depart from him! More than that, he has never, since his withdrawal from the Unionist party, addressed a public meeting of his constituents to explain his conduct and position. Yet he says there is nothing but sincerity and brotherliness existing between him and them. Surely this is the acme of cant and humbug! If, however, he has treated them with scant courtesy in the past, at this committee meeting he covertly insulted them by stating that if the link is broken between them as representative and represented, no charity will suffer and no donation be withdrawn. What has his future philanthropic or benevolent intentions to do with this political contest? The inference by the plain man is that should Mr. Corbett be again returned, perhaps the subscription will be in keeping with his majority. This is very near sailing to get round the Corrupt Practices Act, and is the plutocrat personified. He has been in Parliament for nearly a quarter of a century, and as a politician no other judgment is possible but that he has been a failure. Mr. Corbett is strong against the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. Perhaps it is not a perfect system. At the same time, he has much to be thankful for in being the eldest son of his father. Nothing is more certain than that he never would have been member for Tradeston had he been as poor a man as your correspondent, who takes leave to subscribe himself

DIOGENES.

THE LIBERAL CHURCHMAN'S DILEMMA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Vernon Chambers, Southampton Row W.C.

20 December 1909.

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that in your article on “The Liberal Churchman's Dilemma” you have misunderstood the character and miscalculated the strength of Liberal Churchmanship. For I understand that by a Liberal Churchman you mean one who is by tradition or conviction a Liberal in politics.

The man of the type you describe, who puts politics

before Churchmanship, exists no doubt, and is, as you say, a “marked man”. But there are many of us who, convinced Free Traders as we are, consider that Protection would be a disaster to the material welfare of the country, but hold that spiritual and moral interests are of greater count, both in themselves and because prosperity ultimately depends on a nation's character. We find it impossible, therefore, to vote for our party as long as its leaders attack the Church and try to banish her teaching from the schools.

How many we may be it is impossible to say, but I am convinced that we are more in number than professional politicians suspect. We do not live in their world and seldom make our voices heard, but we vote, and every one of our votes that is alienated represents a dead loss to our party. I need not say with what sorrow we, who always prided ourselves on belonging to the party of progress that upheld the principle of religious equality, find ourselves so disillusioned when we contemplate the reactionary policy of religious persecution that the present Government has adopted.

Yours etc.,

CLEMENT F. ROGERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Capworth Lodge, Leyton, Essex,
15 December 1909.

SIR,—I do not call myself either a “Liberal” or a “Conservative” Churchman, because these names signify nothing definite to anyone not actively engaged in the rather dirty game of party politics. Nor am I strictly a “Socialist” Churchman, though my sympathies are with the Socialists, who are free at least from the vice of hypocrisy, who know what they want, and whom I am prepared to support in getting it, up to a certain point. As a Catholic layman and a member of the “English Church Union”, I abhor the Liberal party and mistrust the Conservative. Of the two, however, I prefer the open enemy to the false friend, and I purpose doing all in my power next month to secure the return of the Liberal and Nonconformist candidate for the constituency in which I happen to reside, for the following reasons: I object to “Tariff Reform”, and I want reform of the House of Lords. On these two issues the next General Election will turn. If, as I hope and confidently expect, Mr. Asquith will return to power, the Budget will go through, together with its land-valuation clauses, which are the cause of all the fuss, and Tariff Reform will be scotched if not killed. The next Parliament will probably be a short one. Welsh Disestablishment and another attempt at the establishment of the Nonconformist religion of Undenominationalism in the schools will be frustrated by the unreformed Second Chamber (or the Liberal party may even have learned wisdom by their past failures and succeed in settling the religious difficulty in the only equitable way—viz., by providing religious teaching of the kind desired by the parents for the three divisions—Church, Roman Catholic, and “simple Bible”), and the Government will bring forward some scheme for restricting the Peers' veto, which will, of course, not pass into law. Meanwhile, the responsible peers, who are quite as anxious for the reform, and consequent strengthening, of their Chamber as the Liberals are for reducing it to practical impotence, will, in all probability, be quite ready with proposals which will be submitted to the country at the next election but one, and if they recommend themselves to the good sense of the non-party electors (who, after all, are the overwhelming majority in the country), a way out of the present difficult and, in many respects, unsatisfactory situation will be found. For these reasons a Churchman may vote Liberal in January without impaling himself on either horn of the dilemma you present. There is no inconsistency in “thanking God there is a House of Lords” and at the same time desiring its reform. When thieves fall out honest men may come by their own.

CHAS. G. HARRISON.

[This letter is a delightful instance of the dishonesty

which men who think themselves peculiarly honest so often fall into. Very few "professional politicians" would confess that they were trusting to the Lords to thwart certain iniquitous legislation and at the same time were working and hoping for the return of the party pledged to destroy the House of Lords and pass the said iniquitous legislation. Such shamelessness is indecent.—ED. S. R.]

THE DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lincoln's Inn, 20 December 1909.

SIR,—If I may venture to do so, will you let me thank you for your excellent article on the Thompson appeal? You stand practically alone in the lay press, but it is just those who have the courage to stand alone who win in the long run. Where stands the "Times" newspaper now? Nothing was more honourable and consistent in its former career than its outspoken line on this question—a line never departed from, even when it gave a general support to the Liberal party. Under its new management, it does not aspire to lead public opinion.

You have well expressed the logic of the matter. I would add the law, too, but for the respect I have for the very learned judges who have interpreted it in a contrary sense. On this point it is not unworthy of notice that the opinion of the learned Dean of the Arches was formed "not without some doubt and hesitation".

I read yesterday in a weekly paper, usually most well-informed, that the judgment would commend itself to all but "the extreme High Church party". This remark betrays absolute ignorance of the history of the controversy. Presbyterian Scotland appeals to the Westminster Confession, which lays down exactly the same rule as to the prohibited degrees as that of the Church of England. And in England the relaxation of the law had some of its strongest opponents in the Evangelical school. Are we to class the late Lord Shaftesbury and the late Lord Cairns as victims of "sacerdotal tyranny", wedded to "ecclesiastical rubbish"?

One word more. If the law as laid down in the Court of Appeal holds the field, it is to be hoped that the Church will follow the strong and clear lead of the Bishop of Birmingham. Any other course, dictated by dread of Disestablishment, would simply be

"Propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas".

Yours faithfully,

W. DIGBY THURNAM.

"BOERS WILL BE BOERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Mamiaanshoek, P.O. Zwagershoek, Nylstroom, Transvaal, 3 November 1909.

SIR,—The Boers of the Orange River Free State province of United South Africa are loudly demanding that their children shall be educated in English and better taught the English language. A most laudable demand; and one would admire their good sense, and prophesy well of South Africa, were it not for a memory of recent history.

In 1903, the general medium of instruction being English, and the time devoted to the teaching of English and Dutch about the same, these same Boers would have none of it; the use of English was a device to root out their native tongue and to lure the children into undesirable doctrines. By their thousands they protested they would have none of it; rather would they undergo the martyrdom of a small money payment in the shape of school fees.

With much cry and little wool in the shape of grudging subscriptions, the private schools were started to preserve the "mother tongue" free and undefiled, amid

much intellectual juggling with the question whether the said "mother tongue" were the Dutch of Holland, the degraded patois of South Africa, or something between the two. The schools were confessedly only a bluff, to be financed somehow till the Crown Colony Government should surrender and amalgamate. This last fact, I might add, was blurted out to me in advance by one of the chief organisers of the "discontent" while unfortunately in his cups.

The bluff succeeded to admiration, and the Government surrendered on a compromise which logically paved the way for the coming of General Hertzog, with his system by which the medium of instruction is that of the majority in the school, with repetition for form's sake in the tongue of any minority. Surely this was what the malcontents originally clamoured for: "liberty for our children to be educated through the language they know", the "preservation of the mother tongue", etc., etc. Yet now we have these same Boers, headed by Mr. C. L. Botha M.L.A., Mayor of Bloemfontein, clamouring for the despised and rejected English as the medium.

Mr. Botha is amazing in his candour with regard to the various forms of the Dutch language, saying that "the parents won't allow" the giving of instruction through the "taal" because "the mother tongue of the Dutch children—my own mother tongue—does not provide the words to convey technical meanings of abstract ideas", while as to high Dutch "those terms of ideas would be as unintelligible to the child in high Dutch as they would be in English". Again, he refers to high Dutch as "practically a foreign language—which may be all very well in Amsterdam, but of no use in South Africa". Wherefore unless the Dutch medium—which last week, as it were, was the only means to salvation—be forthwith abandoned, Mr. Botha and the Boers are once more prepared to endure martyrdom.

Mr. Botha's arguments, almost his very phrases, are identically those used by the Crown officials in the original debate; but they were told that they merely exposed their ignorance, pardonable in newcomers, of the fluency with which the humblest *bijwoner* prattles high Dutch in the bosom of his family; that their quite erroneous statements of the poverty of the "taal" were a gratuitous and cowardly insult to the dearest feelings of a beaten foe.

This would all be very good farce, a distinct addition to the gaiety of nations, were it not for the disquieting thought that these people who have behaved so much like spoiled children are now to have as a plaything the native question, with which in all probability is bound up the destiny of the British Empire.

Yours faithfully,

C. R. PRANCE.

JAMAICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

148 Harbour Street, Kingston, Jamaica,
4 December 1909.

SIR,—Allow me to thank you for your note on Jamaica in your issue of 20 November. You are quite right when you say that the impression that Jamaica is always being visited by calamities is entirely wrong. As a matter of fact, there has been no storm here since 1903. We had five or six days of very heavy rain two or three weeks ago. Some of the rivers overflowed and several small bridges were swept away. A few peasants whose houses were built on the banks of the rivers were drowned; and for a short time communication was interrupted in several parts of the island. The losses altogether were insignificant. None of our great bridges has been destroyed; most of our planters agree that the benefit we have derived from the rains is greater by far than the loss we have sustained, and this is also the Governor's opinion.

The true situation in Jamaica is this. The island has never been better off. There is a larger area of land under cultivation to-day than there ever was before; revenue is coming in handsomely, and the Government

has been reducing taxation. There exists a £100,000 fund to repair any damages that may be caused by such calamities as floods or hurricanes, and this fund is still intact. In addition to this, the Government has a floating balance of £50,000 to aid the revenue in case of any unforeseen falling-off. The Collector-General told me two weeks ago that he expected that the Customs duties alone would give a surplus of £40,000 this year, and surpluses are expected from other sources of revenue.

The Government and the legislators of the island are thinking seriously of improving the public service. It is proposed that the island, already healthy, should be made still further attractive to visitors, and so a determined effort is to be made to extirpate the germs of the very mild form of malarial fever which exists in some parts of Jamaica. Jamaica to-day is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and the capital, Kingston, is being steadily rebuilt. Altogether our prospects are excellent and our present position is a very happy one.

Yours faithfully,

H. G. DE LISSER.

THE RAVENS OF FRESHWATER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rochester, 15 December 1909.

SIR,—The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds has lately reported the wanton destruction, as it is believed, of the last pair of ravens in the Isle of Wight and Hampshire, after their eggs had been taken in spite of the vigilance of a watcher. Those responsible for this irreparable mischief deserve to be hounded out of the country. Unfortunately the evidence against them was not strong enough to justify a prosecution. It seems that the people of this country will not awake until too late to the fact that their rarest and finest birds are fast vanishing, through the greed and selfishness of a few people; but some day a bitter feeling of resentment will grow up against those who have caused the mischief. We want our birds, and it is our duty to keep them living objects of the greatest beauty, pleasure and interest; not lifeless specimens in private collections and museums, where they, with their eggs, can last at longest but a few years. Our birds belong to the nation as surely as the air and the sunshine do. The land for the people is now the cry: should this come about before the people are better educated, it is difficult to guess what would be the effect on our wild birds. It might be deplorable, but anyhow the people should have the opportunity of preserving the fauna of their country. The majority of landowners have betrayed their trust; some wilfully, others through apathy and want of care in not seeing their wishes and orders carried out. Let anyone who does not understand me read what Mr. W. H. Hudson wrote in your Review of 3 October 1908, under the heading "The Sacred Bird". How strange it is and how deplorable that our schools and universities, and education generally, have done so little in teaching the duty and the pleasure of preserving the Creator's priceless gift, the wild life of our country!

I am yours faithfully,

FRANK C. H. BORRETT.

[We need hardly say we sympathise heartily with our correspondent. Could not the Bird Protection Society keep a black book and enter in it the name of every fool who thinks the best way to preserve a rare species is to shoot its last survivor? If this black-list were published periodically in the "Times" most people passing as respectable would be shy of appearing in it; though of course some would be elated at seeing their names printed in any connexion. It would probably console such for being hanged that their names would appear next day in the report of the execution. Only the other day we heard of a Lesser Bustard being shot in Wiltshire; in the same county a White-tailed Eagle was shot on Marden Down this year. The "sportsman's" name can be got in this case, and we propose to advertise him, though he may come in the category we have just mentioned.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS AGE.

"A Literary History of the English People: From the Renaissance to the Civil War." II. By J. J. Jusserand. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

NO man was more creative than Shakespeare. A shameless commonplace, but we must begin with a truism in order to point the paradox that follows. Shakespeare was original: yet no man was more clearly the product and reflection of his age. Shakespeare was creative: yet no man subordinated creative impulse with such entire success to the needs of his contemporary hearers. The plays of Shakespeare are a final answer to those who cry out upon the harsh strictures of transitory art-forms, and are prone to believe that they will appeal to the future because they have failed to appeal to the present. Shakespeare cheerfully submitted to formulæ that were inartistic, or satisfied tastes that were degraded; and he contrived to do both without damaging his art or spoiling his theme. His genius broke through a medium that was coarse, only to be more completely triumphant. His appeal frequently tickled the ears of the groundlings, only to reverberate more loudly in the ears of mankind. It is, in fact, difficult to say whether Shakespeare triumphed because of his tools or in spite of them.

The crowd that turned in to Shakespeare's theatre would as soon have turned in to a bear-baiting in the neighbouring yard. This bear-baiting was, beyond all others, the alternative delight. Sometimes, by way of variation to the baiting by dogs, the bear was blinded and whipped to death by stablemen. The spectators were out to see bloodshed, and the manner of it did not signify. Some of them on the way to the theatre or yard might have passed some unfortunate vagabond naked to the middle and whipped through the streets in accordance with the precise instructions of the Elizabethan Poor Law. Here was an audience that required a great deal to arouse its horror; and, as it revelled indiscriminately in its young sensations, it was ever ready to buy the pennyworth of thrills. In most cases the pennyworth was a good one—especially at the theatre. The theatre soon came to be more popular than the bear-yard. There horror had no limit, except that set by imagination; and horror could be thrown into rude relief by grotesque interpolation of farce at a moment when nerves were on the stretch. Or, perhaps, there would be some outburst of poetic fervour, some bout of euphuistic wit, or some melting to a mood of pastoral, elegiac, and always ingenious love-making. There might, in fact, be anything, so long as it was unexpected and in violent contrast with what went before. The bill of fare was almost invariable—strong meat served in a rapid succession of courses ill-assorted for any but the strongest digestions. The people who came to Shakespeare's theatre were hungry for just this fare. They could depend on Kyd and Peele and Greene, on Lodge and Nash and Marlowe to give it them. In a popular play of the time, "Solyman and Persida", all the interesting personages are killed. "Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead." There is a list of properties belonging to the Lord Admiral's men. We read: "Item, j caulderm for the Jew". This was for the boiling of Marlowe's Rich Jew of Malta. "Titus Andronicus" indeed! "Titus Andronicus" is quite a mild play, insipid by the side of some by Marston, Ford or Webster. Every variety of murder or rape is brought on to the stage, and dead bodies are adjured to swing or bleed or rot, as the case may be, under the eyes of the spectators, by this time a little jaded. Then, always at the right moment, out would come the clown, or there would be some wonderful word-play, or ingenious turn of the plot.

Shakespeare accepted all this, and the fact that he had to accept it never seemed to worry him. He took "Hamlet", a horrible old Elizabethan melodrama—the audience delighted in repetition—and gave it back to his generation with its horror and violence undiminished,

with all the old twists of plot and rude alternations of crime and farce. But the horror and violence turned to supreme tragedy, and farcical interpolation gave us the grave-scene. Shakespeare denied his audience nothing they asked for. Euphuism? They should have it—transmuted to great human prose. Idylls? They should have them—in the form of Comedies which will always be among the loveliest products of human fancy. Lofty patriotic flights? Shakespeare was ready with his Histories. Poetic rhapsody checking the flow of dramatic action? Shakespeare was ready to arrest counsels of state with line upon line about the virtues and wonders of the bee. Nice encounters of wit—mere verbal exercises? Shakespeare lifted even these from barren ingenuity to human significance. Old Gaunt punning on his name would bring down an Elizabethan house, and this, to us at any rate, appeals as intensely to-day. It is almost unnecessary to urge the point further. There was nothing that Shakespeare omitted to catch the attention of his own time. All the stock situations and devices—young women wandering as men, the plot within a plot, lost children, comedies of errors, ghosts and witches—all these things Shakespeare found to his hand and used over and over again. The fact that he borrowed his plots is only a small piece of the truth. He borrowed also his methods, and the form of his drama was moulded almost entirely in accordance with what his audience required of him. He even imported into his plays the necessary spice of obscenity. But here, too, the fundamental sanity and greatness of the man came through. Shakespeare's obscenity is never more than a frank and full-blooded recognition of the more elemental facts of the flesh. He was more refined than his age, but he was not fastidious; so that, although he was clean-minded, he could be Elizabethan in his coarseness.

M. Jusserand in this portion of his "Literary History" (it is the second part of the English translation: the French is differently arranged) is dealing almost entirely with Shakespeare and his contemporaries. To read the volume is to view Shakespeare as he is too seldom viewed, in his true historic setting. How far Shakespeare's work mirrors his personality Mr. Frank Harris has set us all thinking. There is no doubt that Shakespeare's work mirrors his age. His plays are a priceless commentary upon Elizabethan manners and feeling. Their value in this respect is evident as soon as they are placed by the side of the plays of his contemporaries, written for the same audiences. We can then perceive what it was that was due to Shakespeare's creative genius and what it was that he took from his age as the raw stuff of his art. Comparison lays bare the two things we most desire to know—the Elizabethan taste and spirit on the one hand, and the nature of Shakespeare's genius on the other. The man who has made this comparison most brilliantly and completely, and gained from that comparison a real insight into some of the manifestations of Shakespeare's genius, is a Frenchman—one of the very few Frenchmen who can approach Shakespeare with anything like a clear understanding. But M. Jusserand has a genius for criticism that transcends what we believe to be a racial disability. Certainly there is no living critic who could have made a study so vivid, and at the same time so scholarly, in the literature of a nation whose artistic spirit lies so far removed from that of his own.

A DIPLOMATIST'S WIFE.

"In Three Legations." By Madame Charles de Bunsen.
London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

THE life of few women can be pleasanter than that of a diplomatist's wife. The diplomatic couple are moved about from one foreign capital to another, and wherever they go are immediately received into the best society, a small and charming group, between whose members there exists a kind of family intimacy or freemasonry. Diplomacy is also a career in which a wife may be more useful to her husband than in any other, as the "chêfesses de mission" are sometimes

quite as important as the chiefs. It is true that the telegraph and the telephone have robbed diplomacy of some of its power; but as long as men are men the spoken word and the hand-shake will do a great deal in business. Madame de Bunsen is the sister of Monsieur Waddington, who was Prime Minister of France and for ten years French Ambassador in London. Her mother's name was Chisholm, so that she may be described as three-parts English or Scotch. Her husband was the third son of the celebrated Baron Bunsen, and was Secretary, afterwards Councillor, to the Prussian Legations in Turin, Florence, and The Hague. The diplomatic experiences of the Bunsens were certainly exciting, for they were in Turin and Florence from 1858 to 1868, when Italian unity was making, and when Victor Emmanuel embarked in two wars against Austria—the first in alliance with France, and the second as the ally of Prussia. In 1870 the Bunsens were at The Hague when the war broke out between France and Germany—a very awkward position for husband and wife, of whom one was German and the other French. In one of her letters at this period Madame de Bunsen thanks her mother (née Chisholm) for her kindness to the German officers quartered in her château near Rouen! But Madame de Bunsen's interests and affinities were so mixed that she must have been a perfect Cosmopolitan.

Madame de Bunsen has humour and considerable power of description; her style of writing is easy and unaffected and accurate. She observed closely, reported conscientiously, and is never malicious or scandalous. Indeed, to judge from these pages, she seems to have been a perfect wife and mother, and a clever, well-bred woman of the world. Her description of the scene in the first Italian Parliament at Turin between Cavour and Garibaldi is vivid history. After the Treaty of Villafranca Cavour gave a dinner, at which the ice-cream was surmounted by a dove, to which he called the attention of his guests—"Voyez-vous la colombe de la paix?" When Victor Emmanuel moved his Court from Turin to Florence—which was described at the time as an ingratitude and an imprudence, but which was merely a step towards Rome—the Piedmontese were naturally furious with their idol, and riots broke out, which were suppressed with bloodshed. The mob surrounded the Palace and shouted: "Morte al Re! Abbasso Vittorio! Abbasso Casa di Savoia!" However, when the King returned, after a month, to pay a short visit to the Turinese, he was rapturously received, the very intelligent Piedmontese having perceived in the interval that United Italy was a different thing from the kingdom of Sardinia. "I am sending you a paper", writes Madame de Bunsen, "with a capital drawing of the meeting between Vittorio and Giandouja, who is the popular personification of the Piedmontese"—as if John Bull were dressed up. "The scene was really enacted in the Piazza san Carlo on Monday last. Quite an ordinary mask came up to the King's carriage in the Corso, and, after talking to him for some time, held out his hand, saying in broad Piedmontese, 'Toc la li' (Touch it then), and the King shook hands with him." Thus was the reconciliation between Victor Emmanuel and the Piedmontese effected. These touches give us an insight into the simple, excitable, Italian character. Talking of masks, Madame de Bunsen tells a very good story about the old Prussian King, first German Emperor, Frederick William. The King said he liked the freedom and unconventionality of masked balls, and so got himself up in a mask and domino. But when a passing mask patted him on the stomach and inquired, "Wie geht es, Alter?" (How goes it, old man?), the King drew himself up and replied "Alles sagen, aber nicht anrühren" (Say anything, but do not touch). The story is a lesson to kings not to play the fool. Madame de Bunsen writes shrewdly that, if any one wishes to know his precise social value, let him go to Berlin. After you have been told by Court chamberlains that you must not go into that room, and must not sit at that table, and been generally waved about for a few evenings, you begin to know your place. As someone said wittily, in France you are prayed to

do this or that or the other; in Germany "alles ist verboten".

After Italy and Berlin the Bunsens naturally found The Hague dull until the news of the Franco-Prussian War arrived. Madame de Bunsen gives us an observant and humorous picture of the Netherlands Court, and of the meticulous luxury of the home life of the Dutch upper class. "The King also shook hands and graciously told me it was 'infernally hot' and he was going back to The Loo as soon as he could. H.M. speaks English remarkably well, but indulges sometimes in strong expressions", a comical error to which everyone is liable in speaking a foreign language. We once heard an Englishman answer a French lady who asked him how he liked the Exposition, "Ah, Madame, ça m'embête à crever"! The Frenchwoman's face was a study! After staying in a Dutch country house Madame de Bunsen writes: "We were certainly much impressed with the studied and excessive comfort of Dutch life. The great importance of meals, the amount of food, the particular excellence of the tea, of the coffee, of the chocolate, of the cream, of the fruit, of everything, in fact. But the whole time of our stay the words of Scripture, 'Man doth not live by bread alone', were running in my head, and I rather sympathised with Mlle. A., who bored herself horribly, and declared, 'qu'elle avait envie de leur jeter toute cette mangeaille à la tête'". This is from the first page to the last a most entertaining and instructive book, which is worth the fatigue of holding, for it is somewhat cumbrous in form. Why will publishers not produce two light volumes, instead of one that is so heavy as to require a Sandow or a reading-desk to hold it up?

A NEW HISTORIAN.

"The Medici." By Colonel G. F. Young. London: Murray. 1909. 38s. net.

WE bid a very cordial welcome to this important book on the great House of Medici. Colonel Young's name was unknown to us as a writer, known to us only as a gallant and distinguished Indian officer, and we will frankly confess that we entered on the reading of this voluminous work on so intricate, thorny and difficult a subject as the Medici with feelings of considerable trepidation. But the reading of a few chapters soon showed us that we were in the presence of a remarkable and a fine book, written by one with an infinite capacity for taking pains who had gradually become deeply versed in the subject. It is not the work of a literary craftsman, but so fascinatingly interesting has the author made it that one brushes aside altogether any questions of style. That is its chief and remarkable characteristic, the real secret of its success—interest, interesting; we read from beginning to end without our attention once flagging, and it is the story of flesh and blood Medici we read, not the fairy tale of impossible bogeys and transpontine tyrants. Sanity of judgment is another of the author's characteristics, and he has nearly, though not quite, emancipated himself from the thrall of legends which die hard. The book is well compacted, extraordinarily accurate, carefully dated; sufficiently full consideration is given to contemporary events; the observations on art are often quite noteworthy; and it is informed throughout with the natural directness, the love of essentials, the sense of fairplay, characteristic of the military mind. If this is really Colonel Young's first incursion into Italian history, we are frankly puzzled to know how the book ever came to be written, and it increases our admiration of a remarkable feat. In short we have here a really satisfactory history of the Medici which, with a few corrections and improvements and an occasional modification of judgment, is likely to remain the English standard work on the subject for many years to come.

The estimate of the Duke Alexander, for instance, needs considerable modification. Colonel Young will hear no good of him, and even adjudges him "stupid" and "incapable". It seems to us as if Colonel Young had failed to lay this one Medici bogey, and had allowed

himself to be frightened from a proper study of the subject; else he could never have written as he has done: "Alexander is never known to have done or said a single thing worth being recorded". Does he know Ceccheregli's "Attioni et Sentenze"? Make all deductions for the eulogium of an enthusiastic admirer, and we still have here a fine substratum of wit and wisdom, and the record of happy judgments which would have done honour to just Solomon. No Prince that ever ruled in Italy had so fine a sense of justice, and none ever took so keen a relish in its even-handed administration. We are not for whitewashing the ill-fated "Moor"; we only ask for the same fair and sane treatment which Colonel Young has meted out to Catherine and Cosimo, to the Gottoso and Gian Gastone. (Colonel Young's account of Catherine—he devotes 168 pages to her—is perhaps the fairest and truest ever written of that remarkable woman.) Had Alexander but survived the tempestuous sowing of his wild oats—he was barely twenty-seven when foully murdered—he would certainly have fulfilled the rich promise of his nature, and proved the greatest ruler of them all.

The first and larger part of the book, dealing with the elder branch, is also the better. Colonel Young is obviously more in sympathy with Cosimo Pater Patriae and Lorenzo il Magnifico than with the Grand Dukes Cosimo and Ferdinand. Some of the Grand-ducal reigns suffer by compression. This was perhaps inevitable: as it is, the book runs to over 1100 pages. Still some vital points called for a fuller elucidation even at the expense of more interesting matter. For instance, the change in the constitution of the Florentine State from a Republic with Gonfalonier and Priors to an hereditary rulership seems to us inadequately dealt with. The compact between Clement VII. and Charles V. at Barcelona was that the Medici should be restored to their former position in Florence. That position was informal headship of the State. Charles V.'s Diploma, so as effectively to secure the position, makes Alexander and the issue male of his body, or failing such issue the nearest male agnate, not Duke of Florence, but hereditary head of the Republic of Florence ("Reipublicæ Florentinæ Gubernii Status atque Regiminis Caput"). It was the Florentines themselves who afterwards made him "Duke of Florence" and practically an absolute ruler. This was never ratified by the Emperor, who never once even addressed Alexander as Duke of Florence. (He, however, was already a Duke, Duke of Civita di Penna.)

The account of Cosimo's accession is not only inadequate but inaccurate. It is inaccurate to say that Cosimo was "given by the Emperor the rank of Duke of Florence". A fresh Imperial Diploma had become necessary so as to exclude Lorenzino, the nearest male agnate (his brother Giuliano was likewise excluded), and in this the Emperor only gives Cosimo, as in the case of Alexander, the status of head or chief of the Republic. Cosimo soon after the issue of this Diploma begins to sign himself no longer "Cosimo Medici" but "Duca di Fiorenza", and this he did because the Diploma, though it confers no title, does allow Cosimo "ex gratia nostra uti et frui ea omni auctoritate quod prædictus quondam Dux Alexander tempore sui obitus poterat et utebatur". To read Colonel Young one would suppose that Cosimo obtained the Republic of Siena "by conquest". How could he "conquer" an Imperial fief and at the same time be the ally of the Emperor? The truth is that Charles V. granted his son Philip II. the investiture of the lapsed fief of Siena, and that Cosimo obtained it from Philip by sub-investiture. These are not mere jurisprudential niceties, but fundamental laws which regulated the holding of important territories. It is also an error to say that Cosimo "was given" the "Island of Elba"; he only obtained the investiture of Portoferraio with some 12,000 feet of territory round the town; these and kindred subjects are fully dealt with in Spannaghel's monumental "Notizia della vera libertà di Firenze". A greater knowledge of feudal jurisprudence and practice would also have saved Colonel Young from two unfortunate pages in which he describes what he calls

the "loss of Urbino" to Tuscany. Having in the first volume told us that Lorenzo di Pietro was wrongfully made Duke of Urbino by Leo X.—with which we are inclined to agree—he in the second volume enters a claim to the Duchy for the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. as descended through his grandmother, Catherine, from the wrongful Duke. And at the same time he claims the Duchy for Ferdinand's wife, Vittoria della Rovere, only child of the last lawful Duke, though the bull of investiture clearly limits the succession to heirs male only. Colonel Young considers that Urbino could by "no possible argument be declared a vacant fief", yet nothing could be clearer than that the Duchy reverted to the direct dominion of the States of the Church through failure of male issue. Colonel Young is of opinion that Urban VIII. intended to give the Duchy to a member of his own family. But it is a matter of history that he resisted the suggestion, because, like all the Popes since Pius V., he had bound himself on no consideration, not even for the good of the State, to alienate the cities or territories of the Church's Temporal Dominions by way of fiefs. (See Pius V.'s Constitution "Admonet Nos", of 20 March 1567.)

One other word by way of criticism. Authorities are cited frequently, but the page of the volume is seldom given. This hampers the careful student, and delays the conscientious critic. Too often, however, references are not given, and we have to be content with the expressions "we are told", "we read", "it has been said", "says an old chronicler", "says a scientist of our own day". These expressions are often serviceable, but who tells us and where we read should be accurately stated in an appendix. The bibliography of "Authorities consulted" is singularly incomplete and apparently based on no fixed principle. But few Italian works are mentioned, and far too many English. We miss most of all Galluzzi, Litta, and the thirty-three volumes of Cantini's "Legislazione Toscana"; there is no mention of individual lives such as Rastrelli's of Alexander or Cantini's of Cosimo, nor of special studies such as Borgognoni's of Lorenzino or Ferrai's on the first years of Cosimo's rule. Even the fountain head of so much information, Moreni's "Serie d'Autori riguardanti la celebre famiglia Medici", finds no place in the list. The genealogical tables at the end of each volume are without a single date, and that in the carefully dated book of a genealogically-minded writer is an unaccountable omission.

PERSIAN TRAVEL.

"Through Persia: from the Gulf to the Caspian." By F. B. Bradley Birt. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. BIRT sailed up the Persian Gulf from Muscat and landed at Bushire. From Bushire he rode over the kotals to Shiraz and visited the graves of Hafiz and Sadi. He then covered the distances between Shiraz and Ispahan, Ispahan and the capital, Teheran and the Caspian port of Enzeli, by "carriage dak", the system on which one drives throughout the livelong day in an old springless landau, changing one's driver and horses at every caravanserai. Thus he did not go in any direction off the beaten track between Bushire and Enzeli, nor did he adopt, like the authors of "Through Persia in a Motor Car", a sensational style of travel.

In a short introductory note he expresses the hope that the recent popularity of Persian travel among Europeans may add an interest to his book. Surely Persian travel is neither popular nor likely to become so. Possibly the existence of a very considerable literature on the subject misled Mr. Birt. But the number of trippers to Persia scarcely exceeds the number of books on Persia, as is well known. The thing has gone past being a joke, this writing of guide-books when there are none to guide. General Houtum Schindler of Teheran, who placed his intimate knowledge at Mr. Birt's disposal, might have told him this—the General Schindler who knows more about Persia than any foreigner alive, and to whose house all travellers go as

though it were a bureau of information, a Cook's office. Visit Iran! There is no denying, however, that Mr. Birt has written a very superior guide-book indeed, one that ought to be in the hands of every Indian official who decides to return home via the Gulf and the Caspian. The expedition lies, so to speak, under the noses of Indian officials. The book will interest others too, although it will not compel them to set off to the Empire of Iran. The chapter on Teheran is disappointing, but the historical and literary information as to Ispahan, Shiraz and Persepolis is very readably given. The journey direct from Bushire to Enzeli is not necessarily an adventurous one, and Mr. Birt met no brigands. Even during the recent revolution it could be made safely enough, at least by foreigners. Means and methods are to hand. One is not by any means an explorer or even an unexpected visitor. It is possible indeed that the beaten track is the most amusing track to follow, because the means and methods that exist are extremely peculiar and not to be found anywhere else in the world. They have often been described before. Still Mr. Birt's account is the most detailed that we have seen of the nature of the "road" in Persia. He tells the traveller exactly what to expect.

The soul of Persia has baffled Mr. Birt. Travel literature about Persia has established a kind of convention for itself which he accepts in such passages as these: "The first feeling of bafflement and mystery still holds". And again: "These high dead walls baffle one at the outset . . . an overpowering sense of helplessness . . . a sense of disappointment . . . One is forced reluctantly to acknowledge that the inner mind of the people is a closed book". It may be so. Yet Pierre Loti's cities, "de lumière et de mort", had a soul. Fortunately Mr. Birt's book is free on the whole from those triter reflections upon the vanity of human wishes etc., the stock-in-trade of many of his predecessors who would otherwise have been rendered speechless by the "glamours" of Ispahan and Shiraz.

Mr. Birt saw the first Mejliss at work in Teheran. Colonel Liakhoff's guns had not yet shattered the Parliament-house. It is a pity that he did not travel a few months later, when a unique revolution was in full blast. He had already taken the measure of both parties and had perceived the humours of the situation. "Western craze" is a useful expression of his. It must have been largely a snobbish affectation—Teheran has been snobbish ever since the Shahs began to visit Europe—but undoubtedly the middle and upper classes of the capital could discuss politics in the very phraseology of Mr. Swift MacNeill and the Irish party, and with as fine an appreciation of constitutional precedent.

THE CHARM OF RUNNING WATER.

"The Rivers and Streams of England." Painted by Sutton Palmer; described by A. G. Bradley. London: Black. 1909. 20s. net.

A RIVER nearly always forms the centre of attraction in any landscape that happens to include it, and if you try to make out the reason for its demand upon the attention you find this due to a very complex interaction of æsthetic and intellectual interests. In the first place, the river is generally the oldest thing in sight, older even than the everlasting hills themselves. This seems a paradox, but although there are ranges like the Malverns and Charnwood Forest in Leicester which have endured from the earliest geological times, which were islands in the remote Palæozoic seas, yet most of the hills of the Midlands and the South have taken shape long after the rivers began to follow their present courses. Nowhere can this be more clearly made out than in the gorges which the Weald rivers have cut through the Downs; Cuckmere and Arundel Gaps, the gorge of the Mole at Dorking and of the Wey at Guildford, where the rivers appear to leave the low country in order to carve a narrow way through the steep chalk scarp that faces them, are witnesses of a time before the Downs existed

when the rivers ran northwards or southwards as to-day, but down either side of a great roll that stretched continuously from the Thames valley to the sea without any of the transverse furrows which make up its hill and valley system to-day. But, leaving these cold speculative ages for times when the river may be said to have at last begun to exist because man traversed its banks and was conscious of its course, there can be nothing which takes us further back into time; as highway or barrier it has always made history, and as surely as in any city you must go uphill if you want to find the cathedral so you must ascertain the river structure of a country if you desire insight either into its campaigns or its commerce. Where now the water is still slipping by one of the bridges, there man in the Stone Age first found the ford, there the Kelt in his migrations wore a trackway to and from the water's edge, there the Roman first passed dryshod, and there at last some mediæval guild of bridge-builders wrought out their meed of service to the world in the stone arch that endures to-day. Much water under the bridges—*ráva pí*—the world has always been seeing its philosophy in terms of running water. And what variety in the style and charm of the rivers themselves! Even in our own circumscribed borders we find many different types, from the broad streams diversified with stony shallows and sandbanks of the rocky North, to the deep-cut channels of the Severn sort that tell of sudden rises and eager-scouring floods, and to the placid meanderings of Thames and Avon where the water is level with the meadows and the bordering grasses quiver in the current. They have their own colours too: the chalk streams possess an intense, almost jewel-like, clearness and brilliancy; others like the Wye are warm brown, so that a bather's body below the surface takes an olive Mediterranean glow; the Thames and many of the Midland rivers are green—a pale, troubled opalescence when the stream is hurrying bankfull with the cold April thunderbursts, a still fainter and more fleeting hue, as though here and there a leaf had been dissolved, in the still summer reaches; while some of the Eastern fen rivers show curious black transparencies that are all their own.

But it is hard nowadays to know the rivers of England; except in one or two notable cases they do not exactly fit with popular pursuits. You need to be a fisherman, and a catholic one also, not a mere dry-fly enthusiast who knows only Test and Itchen, Mimram and Stour, but one who is not ashamed of bread-crust and float, or even of the ridicule that attaches to a bait-can and a punt. Best of all is it to explore the unfashionable rivers in canoe or boat, taking kit and tent with you. So shall you catch the old towns of England unawares, and find an out-at-elbows, free-and-easy access into their intimacy, as different from the ordered front-garden respectability of the high road as it is from the indecorous Peeping-Tom sort of entry among the chimney-pots which our railways seem to favour.

In the book before us Mr. A. G. Bradley tells us something of the immemorial charm that attaches to the rivers of England; he makes no attempt to characterise them one by one, but deals with them in groups, and picks out an example here and there for treatment in detail. The Thames is ruled out as possessing so many books of its own, but Wye and Severn have a

(Continued on p. 794.)

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chapter apiece, as have the chalk streams, the Border rivers, and those belonging to Devon and the dales of Yorkshire. Mr. Bradley is so sound in his local history, so practised in the art of weaving the main stream of history into his topographical narration, and so passionate a fisherman that one could wish for no more informing and appreciative an introduction to the story of all these fair streams. Mr. Sutton Palmer's illustrations, to which perhaps we should have given the first place, are not only delightfully picturesque and faithful to the spirit of the scenes they represent, but possess a space and largeness of vision which is unexpected in work that has to be reproduced on so comparatively small a scale. Mr. Palmer is fond of great sweeps of gleaming valley and distant hill seen from a height, and the colour-printing process adopted has rendered very successfully the varying values of the distances. But we can never quite reconcile ourselves to these colour-prints; they lack the style of the interpretive artist, and we cannot imagine anyone treasuring them in the future as one treasures nowadays the engravings into which were translated Turner's visions of the rivers of France.

NOVELS.

"Hedwig in England." By the Author of **"Marcia in Germany"**. London: Heinemann. 1909. 3s. net.

The shrewdness and pungency of this little book recall the criticisms of English life which Matthew Arnold put into a German mouth in *"Friendship's Garland"*. But the Baroness Hedwig is a critic not of our public affairs but of our social life. She stays first with a family of very good position, and then with the most unattractive suburban household that ever was created on paper. In each case the defects existing in a particular class are concentrated in one family. The suburbaners are snobbish, pretentious and bornés, but the father of the family is, besides, immoral and a hypocrite. In Mayfair Hedwig's hostess is an extreme devotee of pleasure and fashion, her daughter is uneducated and stupid, her son an insufferable young cub. Hedwig occasionally—not often—has to correct a false first impression, but as a rule she sums up very fairly from a German point of view a good many English traits. Her opinion on our national selfishness, as regards both family life and patriotic claims, is very largely sound. But London is not England, and Hedwig sees nothing of country life. Nor are the young men whom she meets at dances really typical of their class, though too many such are allowed to live. The story is slight, but the book should be read. Imagine a well-educated German girl of good family, compounded largely of sentiment and matter-of-fact, walking as a spectator first through a novel by Mr. F. E. Benson and then through a suburban study by Gissing. That is the England—or those the Englands—unfolded to the critical Hedwig.

"The Eagle's Nest." By Allan McAulay. London: Lane. 1909. 6s.

The nest is Corsica during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and the eagle, as yet unfledged, is a young man of Ajaccio, by name Nabulione Buonaparte, a sous-lieutenant of artillery in the French army; but one Domé Tirolani is the real hero of the story, though the presence of a stronger and stranger personality in the cast somewhat militates against his taking his conventional place in the centre of Mr. McAulay's stage. However, a quotation printed on the title-page foreshadows the aim of the author as being rather to reconstruct the life of a place and a period than to write a conventional novel; and, looked at in this way, the book presents a strong and sombre picture of the Corsica of the day, its political intrigues and private vendettas, and a portrait of Napoleon as an eccentric, priggish, inhuman young man, which is by no means unconvincing even if it seems in part put together by the light of long subsequent events. The love affairs of the unfortunate

Tirolani run their course amidst some admirably painted scenery; but they have little more than a subsidiary interest, and are brought to no such consummation as the conventional novel-reader usually looks for.

"A Perfect Genius." By Bertram Smith. London: Harper. 1909. 3s. 6d.

The escapades of Totty, facile princeps in mischief amongst his schoolfellows at Willisdean, make very entertaining reading. If *"A Perfect Genius"* smacks of pardonable exaggeration, Totty's institution of a school literary society wherein, despite an awe-inspiring syllabus, the only subject ever debated was "How to circumvent the authorities" comes near to justifying the title of these his further memoirs. He was at any rate a vastly resourceful scapegrace—if the word may be used of one so amply endowed with the saving grace of humour, and his extensive and peculiar knowledge of tight places and the paths that lead into them became of great use to him when later he attained to the dignity of a prefect and for a short time on one memorable occasion to that of head of the school. Mr. Smith has an admirable understanding of the peculiar standards of schoolboy honour, and his tersely written little book reproduces the patois of boys amongst themselves without that unreal and excessive slanginess sometimes supposed to create the right atmosphere for this sort of story.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Eton." Painted by E. D. Brinton; described by Christopher Stone. London: Black. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Black have included Eton in their series of Beautiful Books, though they published a portfolio of views of the school reproduced from Mr. Luxmoore's drawings only a year ago. Those to whom the three-colour process of reproduction appeals—and we are not among the number—will probably find much pleasure in Miss Brinton's illustrations, though the result seems unnecessarily crude in one or two instances. Mr. Stone, who is already known as the compiler of a very handy book called the *"Eton Glossary"*, has wisely not attempted to give a detailed history of the school. When Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte has been over the ground there is but little left for subsequent writers. Mr. Stone, however, gives a very readable aperçu of the most salient points in Eton manners and customs during the last four hundred years, touching lightly on the contemporary accounts given by Cox, Malim, Thomas James, and the entertaining authors of the *"Nugæ Etonenses"*. Nor has he neglected the very valuable correspondence concerning the two brothers Francis and Robert Boyle, who were at Eton from 1635 to 1638. With so short a space in which to deal with so large a subject it was perhaps unavoidable that the canvas should be rather overcrowded, and we wish that the style were a little less jaunty. In addition to his own share, Mr. Stone has had the good fortune to get his father, long known as an Eton master, to contribute two chapters on College in his day. Though the Rev. E. D. Stone missed the great days of College which, historically speaking, came to an end with Long Chamber, he gives a graphic description of much that has radically altered since his days. One is tempted to wonder whether the cause of education would not be better served by abolishing College altogether and spreading the scholars, like leaven, among the houses, as is done at most schools. We have noticed one or two small errors in the book. Lord Wellesley was not known as Lord Mornington at Eton, but as Lord Wellesley, and his more famous brother can hardly have been "Lord Wellington" when he made the familiar remark about the playing fields of Eton. We should imagine, too, that Tiger Clive is more likely to have been the nickname of Earl Powis than Bacchus Browning.

"A Survey and Record of Woolwich and West Kent." Woolwich: Labour Representation Printing Company. 1909. 9s.

This volume is produced by the South-Eastern Union of Scientific Societies. It is an admirably designed and well wrought, if as yet incomplete, collection of local surveys of the geology, the flora and fauna of the district, each by its own specialist. In the departments of archaeology and history, the article on church architecture deserves praise which cannot be given to the too commonplace and merely descriptive treatment of the section on "Scientific Industries", military, mechanical, and electrical. Books like this improved as they may be, and synthetised and inter-

(Continued on p. 796.)

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"Selected Tales of Mystery", by Edgar Allan Poe (Sidgwick and Jackson, 12s. 6d. net).—In whatever form Poe's tales appear they are good to read, but we see very little to recommend them beyond their own merits in a book got up as this is. The size of it is unwieldy, and this is a serious fault in an edition of Poe, who ought to be read in any kind of volume, the shabbier the better, with the feet on the fender, and not in one which seems to aim at being a fancy book for the best parlour. The outside is ugly, and about as unpleasing as it can be, whilst inside the illustrations by Mr. Byam Shaw are either vapid or flaring. Take the frontispiece of the Masquerade at the Palace of the Duc di Broglie. It might just as well be a fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden. Or take the illustrations to the murders in the Rue Morgue, and the case of M. Valdemar—absolutely vacuous—and that of the Black Cat, which is only horrible. If this is illustration of Poe, we should prefer to have him left alone.

"With Mulai Hafid at Fez." By Lawrence Harris. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 7s. 6d.

The first paragraph of the preface to this book contains two exclamation marks. The rest of the book maintains the level of heavily stimulated excitement. The author went to Fez with instructions to "interview" Mulai Hafid. We did not trouble to find out whether he ever succeeded in doing so. If he did succeed, then, having pleased his employer, he should have desisted from further offence.

"The Children's Story of the Bee", by S. L. Bensusan (Mills and Boon, 5s. net).—This book seems to be intended for children old enough to be trusted with a hive of their own. The "Story" is told picturesquely, and will doubtless be found absorbing by the young bee master who has a taste for natural history and a love of long words. The romances of the hive are very charming when romantically treated. The morals are so unexceptionable too. We advise parents who can trust their children to play with fire to buy this book. Be warned, however, that this is hardly the season to begin bee-keeping; also that parents who take our advice will be called upon to answer some awkward questions.

"The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales", designs by Ambrose Dudley (Chatto, 2s. 6d.).—It is difficult to understand to what kind of reader this production can appeal. The illustrations are too commonplace to add any value for grown-ups to the prologue, which it is preferable to read in companionship with the tales, while children, who might like the pictures, will be baffled by the archaic wording and spelling of the poem, which, if it had been slightly modernised, would be quite easily understood.

There is, perhaps, no one to-day who produces books with quite the taste and refinement of Mr. Foulis, who has just published a new edition of Mr. J. H. Crawford's pleasant and unconventional work, "The Wild Flowers" (Edinburgh: Foulis, 5s. net). We fail entirely to be impressed by most of the "beautiful" books of the day. Their showy get-up is meant to take the purchaser by storm. He gasps "How beautiful!" before he has time to consider the matter. Often the beauty is nought but gaud. Now the volumes which the Astolat Press produced a few years ago, mostly reprints of the English classics, really were beautiful books. The same can be said of Mr. Foulis' books. Time and thought and real taste are spent on their production, and the result is a volume which we may put on the bookshelf reserved for books that are good to handle and look at as well as read. Why is the art of book production so very rare to-day? The sense and understanding of good art is much more general than in the days when Moxon and the Pickeringes were at work.

The student of the eighteenth-century voyages, discoveries and doings of European seamen in Eastern waters will find much that is curious and interesting in "Unpublished Documents on the History of the Seychelles Islands Anterior to 1810" (Wyman, 7s. 6d.). This volume, compiled by Mr. A. A. Fauvel from the papers of General Decaen, the last Captain-General of the French settlements east of the Cape of Good Hope, is accompanied by facsimile reproductions of numerous ancient maps and plans, dating from the year 1501, and a bibliography of manuscripts and books relating to the

Seychelles. A useful introduction is supplied by Mr. W. E. Davidson, and the book is a distinct contribution to history down to the time when France surrendered Mauritius to Great Britain.

"The Century Magazine", May to October 1909 (Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net), well maintains the English side, American though the bulk of its contents necessarily are. For instance, there are articles on the London police from the New York point of view by Mr. William McAdoe; British Rule in India, by Mr. Sydney Brooks; and the Darwin Centenary, by Mr. Benjamin E. Smith. Then there are various articles such as those written by Mrs. Joseph Pennell and illustrated by Mr. Pennell on French Cathedrals, and by Mr. R. H. Schaffer on Romantic Germany. The pictures in the "Century" are always admirable, though we prefer the black-and-white to the occasional colour pages.

The "Cornhill" for December completes its fiftieth year. The number is full of reminiscences of editors and contributors, including an article by Mr. E. T. Cook, reviewing the history of the magazine. The King, we understand, has accepted a copy.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Decembre.

The article of most general interest in this number is by M. René Pinon, who deals with the Albanian question and its probable influence in the case of difficulties in the Near East. After a masterly review of the racial and religious elements always contending in that region, he proceeds to consider the manner in which Albania may be dealt with by Austria and Italy in the pursuit of their rival policies. He thinks it not impossible that an Albanian Confederation might arise under a native chief, but that would require a political renaissance in the country not yet in sight. The Power that wishes to dominate Salonica and the route thither must be in command of Albania. In the case of a break-up of the Ottoman Empire, Albania would become an autonomous State. The present Sultan is not popular in Albania, and in the spring trouble may again arise that might be Austria's opportunity. The whole paper is well worth study, though the writer wisely refrains from prophecy.

For this Week's Books see page 798.

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Major Owen and other Tales (Christopher N. Johnston). Edinburgh: Blackwood. 6s.

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The Danes in Lancashire (S. W. Partington). Sherratt and Hughes. 5s. net.

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The Tarot of the Bohemians (Papus). Rider. 6s. net.
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An Elementary Treatise on the Dynamics of a Particle and of Rigid Bodies (S. L. Loney). Cambridge: At the University Press. 12s.

THEOLOGY

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics (Edited by James Hastings. Vol. II.). Edinburgh: Clark. 28s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bulletin of the Keats-Shelley Memorial (Edited by Sir Rennell Rodd and H. Nelson Gray). New York: Macmillan.
Power of Speech, The (Edwin Gordon Lawrence). New York: Hinge, Noble and Eldredge.

MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.—The Thrush. 1s.

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